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CURRENT COMMENT.

WE have sometimes been told that our remarks about contemporary politicians are too much tinged with vivacity, and that if we ourselves have no superstitious regard for these gentlemen, we ought to be more considerate of the sensibilities of those who have. We are therefore much encouraged by receiving from a valued correspondent, whom we would thank if he had given us his post-office address, a copy of the market-letter put out by a firm of New York brokers—not stock-brokers, but brokers in commodities. This letter (we quote verbatim) says of the new tariff-bill: "It has been before Congress almost a year. Now the bill is reported to the Senate, and a number of old Suits of Clothes full of Nothing will have to Bleat along for many days before it is passed by the votes of fifty Senators or more, not one-third of whom have any grasp or knowledge of the bill worth mentioning. It then goes to the other House, where many other blatherskites must have their say; then the two Houses go to the Mat, and at the finish, the Tariff won't know itself on the Street."

MEN and brethren, if we are any judge of a good, competent seventeenth-century English prose style, we beg to say that the foregoing is It. For simplicity, directness, force, picturesqueness and accuracy, it is hard to beat. We wish George Borrow were alive to see and praise it. The letter proceeds: "We dimly recollect some Slogan that one or the other party used in the Election of 1920, something about 'Have Done with Wiggle and Wobble.' But from what we noted in Washington this week, both Wiggle and Wobble are still fairly active. There was another good Slogan that year, 'Boys, get the money!' Will Hays believed in this, he Got the Money, from the Picture People." When commodity-brokers talk like this, we think that editors are entitled to as large a "liberty of prophesying," and accordingly we are sharpening up all the quills in the office.

DURING the Senate's first month with the tariff-bill, only three per cent of the 1690 paragraphs dealing with listed articles have come under consideration. This is enlivening news, and encourages one to hope that the impending economic calamity may thus be averted long enough to enable honest business men to earn a little money for the collectors of internal revenue. Meanwhile, the senatorial primaries are beginning, and most of the great lawmakers

who are up for re-election are anxious to get back from Washington to reassure the home folks, who give evidence of being uncommonly restless this year. They would like an adjournment, were it not for the fact that delay would undoubtedly postpone final action on the tariff-bill beyond election day, and by that time the voters might be pretty well disgusted and disillusioned about the whole log-rolling process. It is an uncomfortable situation for the legislative brethren, and none the less so because, while they are so painfully constructing this Chinese wall to bar out our foreign trade, that trade continues to sag perilously. April figures show a falling off of \$9 million in exports and \$39 million in imports from March, and the ten completed months of the current fiscal year mark a decline of nearly 100 per cent in exports and over fifty per cent in imports from the previous fiscal period. The pick-up in exchange-rates mitigates this somewhat, but not enough to warrant any of our foreign traders in removing the *crêpe* from his doorposts.

As a forecaster of prosperity, the Governor of the State of Nebraska seems to be a kind of cross between Colonel Sellers and Mr. Micawber. It appears that since last October the value of Nebraskan corn has risen sixty-eight per cent. Wheat increased in price thirty-five per cent, oats thirty-nine, potatoes the same, rye forty-eight; cattle eighteen per cent, hogs thirty-eight and sheep sixty-five. The total increase in value of Nebraskan farm-products is nearly \$65½ million. Moreover, while farm-products have thus increased in value, the prices of many other commodities have declined. Hence the Governor believes that Nebraska is fairly over the top and into prosperity.

THE value of these farm-products was created by labour applied to land. All commodity-value is created in this way, but in many cases not so obviously. It ought to be fairly clear to anyone that in order to get corn, wheat and rye, at any price, somebody has to do good hard work upon the stubborn glebe. Whosoever has tried it, moreover, can bear convincing testimony that it is no holiday job. Inasmuch, also, as heavy-crop farming is far and away the chief industry of Nebraska, it would seem to follow that the main body of the productive industrial population consists of farm-labourers; and so, indeed, the statistics say it does.

VERY well; then the general prosperity of Nebraska must be largely conditioned upon the purchasing-power of farm-labourers, upon their economic demand for goods. Now, upon the testimony of the Department of Labour's agent in charge of the United States Employment Service at Lincoln, the wages of farm-labourers within the past ten months have dropped twenty and twenty-five per cent; and their wages represent presumably the whole of their purchasing-power. While the price of farm-products has gone up generally, say, forty-five per cent, the purchasing-power of the actual producers, the bulk of Nebraska's industrial population, has dropped, say, twenty-one per cent. This is a mighty queer kind of prosperity, it strikes us, for Governor McKelvie to be congratulating himself upon.

In the *Manchester Guardian Weekly* of 5 May, the editor develops the significant idea that, by holding up every form of honest trade, the Western European Governments have forced the Soviet authorities to seek first the concessionaire and his unrighteousness, in order that

all good things might be added thereunto. As we consider the situation, this seems to us the gospel truth. The Western Governments have certainly choked off the general run of trade, while their monopolists angled for the control of Russia's stores of platinum, iron, coal and petroleum. In so doing, the Governments have sacrificed the interests, not of the Russian people alone, but of the masses of their own people as well. The *Guardian* sees this clearly, but as far as we know, it has never seen that this politically-sanctioned sacrifice of the masses to the monopolist is just one small phase of a great holocaust that goes on day by day within the British Empire itself, within the borders of England, even within view of the *Guardian's* front window, and under the very foundations of its printing-house, where the monopolists are collecting just such toll as they hope some day to collect in Russia.

If the concession-hunters do not have any luck in Russia, they should come over to America and buy land at Ojibway, Michigan. The United States Steel Corporation is building there a new paradise of smoke and steel and speculation, which the real-estate men say will some day outrival Lackawanna and Gary. When mill-construction began at Lackawanna, the town-site was valued at \$1,279,000. As improvements were made and the population increased the land-prices rose from ninety-one dollars per person, at the old count, to \$644 per person, at the new; and altogether the town gave away to lucky private owners a total of nearly seven million dollars in inflations.

GARY did rather better than Lackawanna. A circular from one of the Ojibway boomers says that "the property at Ninth and Broadway in Gary was first offered at \$300 and refused; a few months later it was offered at \$800 and refused. Just a year ago it brought \$14,000. To-day it is conservatively estimated at \$65,000." In Gary, the United States Steel Corporation, generously declining to profit by the inflation of land-values, sat by and allowed \$22,358,900 to be pocketed by other monopolists during the first ten years of the steel-town's history. We understand that the town-site of Ojibway is already in the hands of the people who expect to collect the increment, but no doubt there will be a bit of speculation in suburban property. Some of these days, the workers in Ojibway will wonder why things in this world are so tarnation difficult for them. They will put their scraped-up dollars in the savings-bank, against the rainy day; and how can they be expected to know that by using these funds to carry land till prices rise, the banks add to the cost of living more than they give back to the depositor in interest. If we had the tongues of men and of angels, we should try to show frugal workmen just how the thing eventuates, and when we had finished our explanation, we should be disposed, as Mr. Dooley says, to "turn the job over to destiny, which is sure to lead us iver on an' on, an' back an' forth, a united an' happy people."

PRESIDENT HARDING's speech before the Chamber of Commerce, 18 May, contains what is presumably a fair sample of the kind of information purveyed to the Administration about Russia. He quotes an anonymous informant, "a very distinguished visitor whose home land is Russia." This brother assured the President that Russia could never be straightened out until the existing system is abandoned. He said, "I know peasants of simple honesty and ready industry, who have heretofore always been eager to work and produce, but under a system where they retain only that which is necessary for their subsistence, and the surpluses are taken from them, the inspiration to produce has been destroyed." If the President will check this statement up, and finds that the Soviet Government actually does this or anything like it, we will agree to pay out all the Tsarist bonds now held in this country. The credulity of this Administration runs a fair second to that of Mr. Wilson's. Any wandering liar with any kind of story,

apparently, can get a sympathetic ear in the White House with almost no effort, provided he is sufficiently *ancien régime*; and as for the State Department, he does not even have to try.

As a matter of fact, the Soviet Government's fiscal method with the peasant is nowhere near as subversive of industry and production as the system in vogue in this land of ours. Under our system, the more one produces, the more one has to pay. Every one has discovered that, or should have done so, by the gradations of the income-tax. The Russian system takes a definite amount; and all the peasant can produce beyond that amount, he keeps. The American system is on a percentage-basis; the Russian system is not. It has been discovered that under the American system the percentages are so sharply graded that when they reach high figures, the effect is exactly what Mr. Harding's "very distinguished visitor" predicated of Russia. They discourage investment and slow down production, which the Russian system distinctly does not do. Which would Mr. Harding himself rather pay, if he were a producer—a flat tax or a percentage-tax? Which would stimulate him to greater industry? Which would he conceive of as more likely to ensure him "the rewards for righteous human activity" that he and his Russian informant unite in regarding as a desideratum?

WHILE on this subject, we are reminded of an item that we saw lately in the London *Financial News*, which shows, if true, one mighty good reason—and one that we had not hitherto suspected of existing—why the German manufacturer has an advantage over his foreign competitors. This report states that some of the German municipalities have imposed a whaling land-increment tax, averaging as much as thirty per cent. "This," says the report, "checks speculation in land, tends to force it into use, thus increasing building-operations, both of houses and factories, thereby keeping rents down and also relieving industry of taxes up to the amount of taxes thus secured, which in turn lowers prices of goods to that extent, thus reducing the cost of living." If the Germans have really done this, the problem of competition with them has a halo of gravity cast around it which those who are only measuring it in terms of exchange-rates had better contemplate prayerfully. Indeed, this report goes on to say plainly that America and other countries can not compete with Germany in foreign markets until they have revised their fiscal systems to correspond, "so that the fixed and unavoidable overhead costs of their manufacturers are more nearly on an equality with such costs of the German manufacturer." We suggest that this little matter be looked into by some competent authority and that light be shed upon it.

By way of contrast, we are much interested by an article in the London *Nation*, showing the immense changes taking place in the ownership of English land, chiefly through the breaking-up of great estates. The writer says, "If the farms and holdings, as is very common, are purchased by the farmers, it will be hard for them to carry on upon the old standard of cultivation, since they will have put all their capital into the purchase-money; in fact, they are finding it very hard already." Here also, then, in the fundamental industry of agriculture, the English producer will find himself at a disadvantage against his German competitor, if the policy indicated by the *Financial News* is really making its way in Germany. The writer in the *Nation* sees the possibility of "England transformed into a land of small owners, something after the French model," and asks, "Will the British small owners become as conservative, as bigoted, and as blood-thirsty in thrift as the ordinary French peasant?" Certainly they will, if they have the same incentive; and that incentive is very powerful in the French and British systems of land-tenure, and very weak in the system described by the *Financial News*. So the English may simply take their choice in the matter.

KING FUAD of Egypt has been proclaimed by the people, filmed for the movies, photographed for the Sunday papers, and recognized by several of the potentates of the earth; and still we feel somehow that the celebration of Egyptian independence is a bit premature. On 28 February, the British Government declared Egypt to be an independent and sovereign State—with reservations. On 26 April, the American Government recognized Egyptian independence and sovereignty—again with reservations. One of the items which Great Britain retained for herself was the job of protecting the privileges of foreigners in Egypt; and one of the privileges which the United States declined to surrender was that of extraterritoriality and exemption from taxation, as previously secured by capitulations.

THE presence in Egypt of Americans who are literally "out-laws," and of thirteen other varieties of foreigners in a like case, all protected by the privilege of extraterritoriality and tax-exemption, is of course a continuous and flagrant violation of Egyptian sovereignty and independence. Some of the natives already feel this keenly enough, and as the nationalistic sentiment grows, the position of the British, as intruders in their own right, and as the protectors of all the other privileged intruders, may be anything but pleasant. A lengthy dispatch from Cairo to the New York *Times* describes the situation with great clarity. According to the correspondent, the members of the American community in Egypt do not like the notion that they are to be under the British guardianship; and moreover they are already wondering how long this guardianship will last. "Could another British Government, in a few years time, afford to withhold from Egypt concessions for which the Egyptians were causing serious disturbances?" In other words, would the British Government fight the Egyptians in order to maintain the privileges of Americans? "All the American interests in Egypt, be they religious [!], financial, archaeological, or commercial, consider that the capitulations are their bulwarks of defence against the inexperience [!] of the Egyptians." The interested parties foresee, even now, the embarrassment that would arise if they were deserted by the British army, and in effect they are already asking the American Government to "send the marines."

WITHIN the week, the lingering sweetness of M. Bakhmetiev's stay upon these shores has become somewhat more cloying than before. Neither the self-styled Russian ambassador nor the so-called American Treasury has yet seen fit to tell us what has happened to the millions which they jointly and secretly disposed of; but a letter published by the Soviet delegates at Genoa makes it appear at least possible that some of these funds have been expended in the rehabilitation of General Wrangel's army, or have been put in storage, somewhere or other, for that purpose. The letter aforementioned, dated Paris, 8 April, 1922, transmits the following order from General Wrangel's Chief of Staff to certain White agents in Jugoslavia: "Provisionally, until receipt from the ambassador of Russia at Washington of sums devoted by him [and by the American Treasury!] to the Russian army, there should be granted short-term credits necessary to maintain and equip 15,000 men." This letter may or may not be a forgery, but in any case the most important question which it raises can easily be disposed of.

WE do not mean to say that the "Russian ambassador" and the officials of the Treasury can prove that there is no secret understanding of any sort between themselves and General Wrangel; the non-existence of such an understanding is essentially incapable of definitive proof. But they can prove beyond reasonable doubt that no American funds have been devoted to the support of Wrangel's army. To do this, they have simply to account in detail for such disbursements as have been made, or are hereafter to be made, from funds advanced by the American Government to the Kerensky Govern-

ment, and remaining on deposit in this country after the Bolshevik *coup d'état*. If the money is gone, where did it go? If a balance remains, where is it now? The ambassador and the First Lord of the Treasury should have no trouble in clearing up these little matters, for M. Bakhmetiev has told us that a complete set of books is on file with the Treasury Department. If the suspects still refuse to answer, they have only themselves to blame for the credence naturally given to such stories as that which has emanated from Genoa.

MR. LLOYD GEORGE, late ally of the gentle Semenov at one end of the world, and protagonist of the Black and Tans at the other, has suddenly got all het up about alleged Turkish atrocities in Asia Minor, against which he seeks to rouse the conscience of the world, and all that sort of thing. It is stated that the Turks are deporting Greek minorities from certain districts, and that thousands of these unfortunates are permitted to die on the road. This is a nasty business, but as we recall, it is scarcely the first of its kind in the course of the Greco-Turkish unpleasantness towards which the Government of Mr. Lloyd George and its allies have maintained a benevolent neutrality with the proviso that they could sell munitions to both sides. The Greeks, in their recent acquisitions of real estate, have not shown particular tenderness to racial minorities; and in fact minorities of any kind have fared most atrociously in a score of places throughout Central and Eastern Europe under the blessed dispensation of the League of Nations, and all without the slightest sympathetic peep from Mr. Lloyd George. Apparently the Greeks are now to replace the Armenians in the conscience of the world, as controlled by the diplomats and the international bankers. We have noticed that since the Armenians were reported to have adopted a soviet arrangement for themselves, their miseries have quite dropped out of the news.

WRITING in a recent issue of the *Nation*, Mr. Henry G. Alsberg stated that he was informed by a high Mexican authority that Mr. Hughes had been writing to Mexican officials offering recognition on condition that the American Government be granted certain supervisory authority over elections, that persons considered "radical" by the American Government be excluded from public office and from the country, that American capitalists receive certain priority rights over other foreign capitalists and that all the old Diaz concessions be restored. Mr. Hughes, in apparent indignation, has issued a blanket denial of Mr. Alsberg's statements, but he refuses the only effective method of dispute, which is to publish his entire correspondence with Mexico. With characteristic zeal for secrecy, Mr. Hughes declares that such publication is "not in the public interest." Yet this is decidedly public business, and it is the good name of the American people that is smirched when tales of such blackguardly impudence are circulated among Latin Americans. Mr. Hughes may have the most virtuous reasons for withholding recognition from Mexico, although his policy there offers a peculiar contrast to his extraordinary haste in recognizing the reactionary regime in Guatemala; but while he conducts our foreign affairs with the secrecy of a private receivership he can scarcely expect anyone to put much stock in explanations that explain nothing and disclaimers so vague that they have the effect of an admission.

The editors can not be responsible for manuscripts submitted, but if return postage be enclosed, they will do all in their power to see that rejected manuscripts are returned promptly.

It is not to be understood that articles signed with a name, pseudonym, or initials necessarily agree with the opinion of the editors, either as to substance or style. They are printed because, in the editors' judgment, they are intrinsically worth reading.

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TOPICS OF THE TIME.

IN PRAISE OF ILLITERACY.

THE good people of New York City are now witnessing a further degradation of their public educational system under the government of the State and the city. The spectacle is humiliating, but it affords considerable light on the irresponsible workings of our so-called representative system.

Under the State's educational laws fathered by the argentiferous Senator Lusk, the State Commissioner of Education has appointed a committee of inquisitors to purge the city's schools of teachers whose political and economic ideas do not conform to the proprieties, as these are conceived of by Senator Lusk and his associates. The committee is headed, appropriately enough, by Mr. Archibald Stevenson, whose witch-burning antics during a recent period of political hysteria were so diverting; and his associates include such eminent authorities on economics and education as Mr. Finley J. Shepard, who we believe achieved distinction by marrying some one or other, and Mr. Hugh Frayne, a local satellite of Mr. Gompers, who plays around with those sterling friends of the honest worker, the National Civic Federation.

Inquisitor Stevenson and his merry men have started their star-chamber performances by summoning forty teachers before the secret tribunal which sits shielded from the vulgar gaze of parents and taxpayers, within the sacred precincts of the Bar Association building. The inquisitors have announced that any teacher may be haled before them to answer for a suspicious opinion expressed anywhere, and reported by any pious citizen. If the board of inquisition, in its wisdom, finds the accused teacher unworthy, it so reports to the State Commissioner of Education, who forthwith divorces the victim from the public-school system. Under the law, the teacher thus ousted can not appeal to the courts. According to officers of the teachers' union, intelligence-squads have been organized among the pupils in certain schools to spy upon the teachers. This will doubtless afford much material for the inquisitorial process, in addition to contributing substantially to the scholastic morale.

From a recent session of the tribunal sufficient leakage was reported in the public press to give a fair idea of the nature of the cases. Four teachers were up for trial. Two, including one who served with the army in France, were accused of having signed a letter to the *New Republic* five years ago asking for more intelligent consideration for the conscientious objector. One was charged with having expressed the opinion, in 1918, that some of the accounts of German war-atrocities might be exaggerated. The fourth, a woman, was up for the heinous offence of having failed to file with the proper authorities her "loyalty-pledge card," an instrument of impudent inanity devised by Mr. Lusk and his associates, for testing the patriotism of teachers.

While the State inquisitors were earnestly considering these enormities, the city school-authorities were contributing their mite in another field: a committee of twenty-one principals and teachers appointed by the City Superintendent of Schools, was reporting that nine textbooks of American history should be placed on the official "Index Expurgatorius" as unfit for the susceptible minds of the young. The report did not intimate that any of the volumes thus blacklisted lacked authenticity. The primary offence of the historians was defined specifically as "failure to recognize that many of the facts of history should be taught in the elementary

grades, not as ends but as means to ends; such as love for law and order, respect for constituted authority, appreciation of the institutions of the country and its ideals." On such a state of intellectual degradation as this report reveals, no comment is necessary. It is perhaps worth while, however, to point out that the ideal of popular education here set forth is precisely the ideal maintained under the former German Kaiser and the late Russian Tsar, namely: the inculcation of patriotism at the expense of truth.

It is thus plain that while the State and city administrations are at loggerheads over certain political matters of strategic value in treating with privilege, such as the machinery for regulating public-service corporations, they appear to co-operate happily enough in abolishing the last shreds of intelligence and honesty from public education. Probably the only encouragement in the situation lies in the astoundingly high degree of American illiteracy, as revealed among the young men drafted for duty in the war. The War Department has modestly refrained from making public any definite figures in this matter, but from the statements of high officials one gathers that the proportion of those unable to read or write ran upwards of twenty per cent. It is obvious that citizens who escape the blighting effects of a public-school education conducted as a system of propaganda for privilege, with a teaching-staff limited through a judicious system of weeding to morons or unscrupulous hypocrites, have an advantage over the rest of the population in that they may at least preserve unperverted their endowment of native intelligence and reverence for truth.

About the time that Mr. Stevenson and his fellow-klansmen were starting their peculiar official duties, the Governor of New York, who signed the Lusk bills and appointed the sort of Commissioner of Education who would select the Stevensonian crew of wreckers, made a speech in the city, in which he passionately declared that he had carried out every one of his campaign-pledges. We do not recall whether Governor Miller pledged himself specifically to prostitute the metropolitan public-school system, but if he did there can be no complaint that he has neglected that obligation.

A GLIMMER IN THE DARK.

DOUBTLESS the most serious barrier to freedom in the United States to-day is the sedulously cultivated sacrosanctity of the apparatus, processes and decisions of legal interpretation. Those who administer this interpretation have been exalted to the status of a priesthood, with rigid and damaging caste-privileges. The status of this hierarchy is all the more dangerous because its membership has intimate relations with privilege, and because its decisions, which are put forth to regulate the life of the laity, are based, not on the interpretation of a single body of intelligible revelations, but on precedents which are widely scattered and generally unintelligible to the layman.

In its official duties, this priesthood enhances its prestige by an increasing aloofness from reality. Its decisions are rendered largely on the assumption of conditions that have vanished for a century or more. With characteristic snobbishness, it has made virtually no application of the latter-day discoveries in anthropology, psychology, physiology, biology, pathology, and other sciences that have revolutionized our concept of what lies at the root of human progress. It remains wholly unaffected by modern social theory, based on a more accurate knowledge of the human machine, a broadened vista of human possibilities, and the applica-

tion of science to production. Alone among those branches of activity assuming the pretensions of a science, the law keeps its vision fixed on the past, and rummages in the dustbin of the centuries for musty precedents to apply to present human progress, or failing a precedent, it bases its stand on panicky intuitions. Among our institutions of to-day it stands as a Neanderthal man, essentially ignorant, relentless, sub-human, ruling by a divine right of its own prescribing.

Thus, efforts to better our civilization by readjusting its social and economic structure to an intelligent conformity with sweeping industrial changes and the growth of scientific knowledge, are constantly thwarted by the law and its priestly caste. If in response to general insistence, for example, the legislative authority passes a workman's-compensation law, the hierarchy may nullify it on the strength of some obscure enactment of the eighteenth century. If an attempt is made to transfer some form of vested thievery into its proper sphere of public service, a piece of rigmarole, possibly the product of some imbecile judge of George III's time, may be produced to nullify the project.

Nor is there any escape from this sabotage of enlightenment. The common citizen may disregard the findings of natural science, if they oppress him; he may change his physician, ignore his clergyman, recall his recreant legislator. But the law stands over him always, immovable and unapproachable, wrapped in its mysteries. The common man may still criticize with a fair degree of freedom an act of the legislative or administrative branch of the Government. Criticism of an act of the legal hierarchy is akin to *dèse-majesté*. The critic may find himself flung into jail by the power of the very individual among the hierarchy whose original decision had stirred him to protest. Moreover, little assistance can be expected from other branches of the Government against the tyranny of the judicial machine. In fact, the sacerdotal theory of the law has permeated the legislative and administrative branches. All the higher national administrative posts are commonly held by lawyers, and though lawyers and judges together number but one-tenth of one per cent of the population, the priesthood normally occupies ninety per cent of the seats in Congress.

It seems curious that there has been so little tendency among the legal caste, which includes some of the most intelligent minds in the country, to analyse its own peculiarly anachronistic position in our national economy. Obviously, however impregnable that position may seem at present, those who occupy it can not indefinitely bind a twentieth-century industrial and economic system to the corpse of eighteenth-century social concepts. The present union of the two is potentially explosive, even among a population as docile as our own; and in any upheaval, the chief sufferers would be the members of the priesthood themselves and the privileged groups whose interests they represent. Those who are called leaders of the bar have displayed little willingness to see this. Sometimes they grudgingly propose some petty reform in legal practice, and hail it as millennial; occasionally, it is true, a few among the priesthood show some sort of disposition to recognize reality. For instance, a small group of the higher legal clergy protested against some of the more notorious invasions of our liberties by the legal autocracy at Washington during the Wilson regime. Recently, too, a committee of jurists filed a protest with the State Department against our lawless occupation of Haiti—and incidentally, were snubbed for their pains by the former Supreme Court Justice who now conducts our foreign affairs with the secrecy of a corporation counsel.

But these are sporadic symptoms. More significant, we hope, is a slip of paper before us setting forth the programme for "special conferences in jurisprudence" intended for members of the bar, teachers of law and advanced students, at the summer session of the Columbia University Law School. Professor Roscoe Pound will give a course in sociological jurisprudence, discussing "theory of law and legislation; the province of written and unwritten law; problems of law-reform in America." Professor John Dewey will lecture on "Some Problems in the Logic and Ethics of Law," described as "an attempt to apply the method of contemporary pragmatic logic and a social theory of ethics to some of the more fundamental questions relating to legislation and the procedure of the courts; also a criticism of some of the traditional logical and ethical theories which influence current jurisprudence, especially eighteenth-century philosophies." Professor Walter W. Cook's subject is "Some Problems of Legal Analysis," of which the promising summary includes: "Analytical jurisprudence distinguished from philosophy of law and from historical, comparative, teleological and other kinds of jurisprudence: history; aim. Analysis of particular legal concepts such as: right, ownership; title, 'void' and 'voidable'; possession; capacity; intent and motive; legal personality; etc. Application of this analysis to concrete legal problems."

Here we have a course of remarkable range, and the character of the lectures is such as to give assurance that the discussions will be fundamental and fearless. Professor Dewey, it will be noted, is not a member of the legal priesthood; and this summons of a philosophical vivisectionist to the convocation within the temple, sets a valuable precedent. It is, of course, a small beginning, but how far might not its development reach! An analysis of the foundations of jurisprudence, of its proper relationship to the world as it is, is in time bound to react in a wholesome readjustment of legal concepts to the conditions of actual life. Under such a revaluation of values the legal neophyte will hold it axiomatic that unless the basic law is sufficiently fluid to be readily moulded by the pressure of changing conditions and needs, it is worthless; unless the law is a working synthesis of reality, it can serve no purpose in human society.

This venture at Columbia is potentially of the greatest interest and importance. We should like to make attendance compulsory upon the membership of the United States Supreme Court and of all the Federal and State courts. It gives us pleasure to congratulate Dean Stone on his vision in conceiving an instrument of such promising service.

STUDENT INACTIVITIES.

ALTHOUGH we are not personally acquainted with the history of the societies which figure so largely in the rites of "Tap Day" at Yale, we are quite willing to believe that each of these orders owes its establishment to some common interest which animated its founders. If this is so, then the societies at their inception were just so many avenues of self-expression for the members. They were not destructive of individuality; they were based upon a previously developed likeness in individual interests, and they therefore gave the opportunity and the stimulus for the further development of these interests.

In our opinion, this sort of spontaneous association is highly desirable in every field of activity, and nowhere more so than in collegiate circles. The thing that makes it desirable is this quality of spontaneity;

it is this quality, and no other, that distinguishes the association that grows out of individuality from the association that destroys individuality. The question is the old one, whether the institution is made for man, or man for the institution; and everybody who knows anything about the conditions of student-life in American colleges knows quite well that although the student speaks of "making" this or that society, the rule is that he is made for and by the society. Very frequently from the day of his matriculation, and sometimes for months or years before, the student is moulding and trimming himself to meet the standards of some pre-existent brotherhood which will mould and trim him still more precisely to pattern, once he has been initiated into the mysteries.

The college world has no monopoly on this sort of thing, of course, but it does seem to us that something might be done, and ought to be done, to relieve the young collegian of a pressure such as the full-formed adult is seldom subjected to, and perhaps could seldom resist. When we say this much, we no doubt lay upon ourselves the obligation to go further, and to lay out something in the way of a constructive and practical suggestion. We are not altogether sure that we can do this, but if we had a college on our hands, we should give every possible encouragement to the inception of new student-associations, and put every possible obstacle in the way of their becoming formal and permanent. We should not stop to inquire into the nature of the interests expressed in these new undertakings; whether it were books or beer, we should be perfectly satisfied to let things take their course, if only the whole lot and parcel of groups could be dissolved, and the ground cleared, about once a year.

In other words, we should depend wholly upon the lecture-room, the library, and the laboratory to give the student the necessary contact with the form and tradition of the past; and we should put our best endeavour into the maintenance of complete spontaneity and genuine anarchism in the field of "student-activities," so-called. We do not know just how we should accomplish this result, and perhaps we could not accomplish it at all; but if we did, we should have gone a long way towards lifting the dead hand of rigid formalism that controls student-life, and establishing in the collegiate sphere those requisites for the development of the complete man which von Humboldt summarizes so superbly as "freedom, and a variety of situation."

THE USES OF PERVERSITY.

"THE 'Beggars' Opera,'" said Mr. Maurice Hewlett in the London *Times* the other day, "is a decadent night's entertainment, spiced for jaded appetites, like devilled bones after a revel." It is strange how deeply one resents such a criticism; yet it is a criticism it might have amused one to make oneself if Mr. Hewlett had not made it first. There are few more innocent games than analysing some popular and respectable taste and showing how decadent it is. It is much the same as the pleasure a football-player finds in stopping a rush. There are two sides to everything, and it is against the human nature of anybody but a partisan to wish one of the sides to win too easily. That explains why there are always a few critics to fling themselves across the victorious advance even of a Shakespeare. They are simply tired of a game that has grown one-sided; and so, to save themselves from yawning, they take the field with the assertion that "Hamlet" is a bad play and that Shakespeare had a sense of humour that would have disgraced Mark Twain. Most of us have in-

dulged in contradictions of this kind in our teens. In the face of a reputation that has become simply a universal formula, there is some instinct in us that tempts us to play the part of the devil's advocate. Even so, we are not willing to concede to other people the liberty of contradiction. Dr. Johnson in this matter, as in most others, was human. He enjoyed abusing those whom others praised, but he enjoyed equally defending those whom others abused. This kind of contradictory disposition puzzles some people. They accuse Dr. Johnson of arguing for victory rather than to establish the truth. This is, surely, to take too solemn a view of the nature of conversation. Conversation is a game in which the players change sides as easily as in tennis, and Dr. Johnson was a man who played his hardest for whatever side he happened to be on. It would, no doubt, be disturbing if men always talked as though they were playing a game. Sincerity would disappear, and nothing but persiflage would be left. In Dr. Johnson's circle, however, the presence of an element of sport in the talk was generally recognized, and conversation was carried on according to sporting rules. Hence we do not read Dr. Johnson's remarks about Scotsmen in the same serious mood in which we read—or refuse to read—Herbert Spencer's remarks on ethics. These were Dr. Johnson's strokes of play, not the confessions of his soul.

A good deal of the heretical sort of literary criticism is in the same tradition. Samuel Butler's derision of many of the old masters amuses us because it is essentially playful; the manner is the manner of a player even when Butler is saying what he believes. It is a relief once in a *lustrum* to hear Dante ill-spoken of; it is a relief once in a lifetime to hear Lamb himself ill-spoken of, when anyone speaks ill so well as Butler. Borrow's abuse of Scott is good reading, and every schoolboy was grateful for Tennyson's dislike of Horace. All the great writers, all the great composers, all the great painters, have been challenged in this way. Some are challenged from impatience, others for fun. The impatient sort of critic is like the man in Plutarch who voted for the banishment of Aristides merely because he was tired of hearing him called "the Just." Most of us have moments when we could have given that vote. We need a rest, a change, a holiday, and there is no more bracing holiday for critics than voting against Aristides. See how Synge, for instance, having been crowned of the company of Homer, Shakespeare and Molière, no longer gets more than a beggar's portion of praise! See how Stevenson, having been acclaimed the master of all the graces of style, is now put down on a level with dead conjurers!

Men of genius need not fear. The ultimate values in literature, if there are such things, are not decided by devil's advocates. As a matter of fact, the devil's advocate is a necessary figure in the process of their canonization. There are few men of genius who have been left lying in obscurity for generations, as Ronsard lay, as a result of too much devil's advocacy. Byron could not destroy the fame of Wordsworth, nor Wordsworth the fame of Gray. The desire for novelty compels men not only to smash the idols of yesterday but to resurrect the idols of the day before yesterday. Thus we find the Victorian idols rising just now into an erect position with something of the pleasant effect of a paradox. Trollope has been dead long enough to come delightfully to life again. We turn for relief from the detective stories of our own time to the spacious sensationalism of Wilkie Collins. Thackeray's reputation has, perhaps, not been long enough under the ground to call for a resurrection. But he, too, will come back.

Even Martin Tupper may come back. There is nothing impossible in artistic tastes if it appeals to our passion for novelty. The greatest men of genius—the Homers and the Shakespeares—are simply those whose infinite variety can not be staled by custom, who remain novel as the day's news even after they have been idols for centuries. As for others—Euripides, for instance, and Pope—their novelty appears to be intermittent. They are the enchanters of one generation, the bores of the next. There is a common theory that when once a man of genius has passed through the fire of belittlement that succeeds the first period of his fame, he wins a fixed place among the immortals for ever. This is hardly the case. The tide of fame rises and falls for most authors, so that in one generation Gray seems a more important writer than Donne, and, in another, Donne more important than Gray. In books as in clothes, fashions come and go, and we never know whether the next revival will be Elizabethan or Queen Anne or Victorian.

However much we may enjoy the ruin of reputations, it is only in one part of our nature that we enjoy it. Even while it amuses us as a game, it revolts our sense of justice, and revolts to a still greater degree our sense of reverence. Or it may be simply that one dislikes "stunts"—most of all, the "stunt" of disparagement. An overestimate of a man of genius is provoking; an underestimate of a man of genius is doubly so. There are underestimates that appeal to our comic sense and so incite us, not to contradiction, but to laughter. The underestimate from the lips of a man, however, who is always pulling down the old gods and setting up new ones, and who is merely a purveyor of æsthetic fashions, calls, we feel, for the intervention of the literary police. It is a pleasure to rescue even the most diminutive poems from the hands of so egotistic a disturber of the peace. Strongly as we may be tempted to contradict the orthodox, we are tempted more strongly to contradict the heretical. Their contradiction begets contradiction on our part. In this way, probably, men of genius are the gainers by excessive disparagement. The current disparagement of Turgenev in comparison with Dostoevsky has stung Mr. Conrad into noble and vehement contradiction. Stevenson, for the moment, has more influential disparagers than defenders, but the defenders are sure to arise again in such numbers as to bring down a new spate of disparagers on his head. Such a dingdong war of praise and blame makes us long at times for the establishment of settled values in literature—settled values on the perfect circles that critics are always trying to draw.

Some critics of the arts begin to despair of the existence of such things as truth in criticism, when they see what a quick-change artist æsthetic taste is—when they see even their own tastes changing from year to year. As a matter of fact, criticism is a voyage of discovery into truth, not a discovery of the whole truth. Hence we shall always have discoverers who, coming on a happy valley that has been hidden from other men, will be filled with such enthusiasm that they will think it more beautiful than the bays of the sea and the hills that are already famous. The ultra-fastidious love these happy valleys beyond anything else. So, the public—not a contemporary public, but a public of posterity, which is usually a good judge of the arts—having settled down to enjoy the "Beggar's Opera," most of us will be inclined to take up the defence of this "Newgate pastoral" against Mr. Hewlett's over-severe strictures. As for the heartlessness of the piece, that is not what we enjoy in it most to-day. Had it not been for Mr. Hewlett, there are several severe things we might have

said about the "Beggar's Opera." But Mr. Hewlett has said them, and said them too extravagantly. He has forced us to remember in what an innocent paradise of thieves and their ladies John Gay has enabled us to wander, and, in the light of that memory, we can not endure to hear a word against John Gay.

BEAU NASH.

RICHARD NASH, despot of silk stockings and most tyrannical of beaux, was born at Swansea, 18 October, 1674. His father was a small glass-manufacturer, and in the days of his prosperity the incomparable dandy was wont to say, when twitted as to his reticence concerning his origin, "I seldom mention my father in company, not because I have any reason to be ashamed of him, but because he has some reason to be ashamed of me." Nash was educated at Oxford where, in the words of Goldsmith, he showed "that though much might be expected from his genius nothing could be hoped from his industry"; indeed, it appears that he was compelled to absent himself from the university somewhat abruptly, leaving in his hastily abandoned chambers "some plays, a tobacco-box and a fiddle."

After his unceremonious departure from Oxford, Nash occupied himself for the next few years ostensibly in reading law at the Inner Temple, though in reality living "to the very edge of his finances" as a man-about-town. In 1704, he betook himself by stagecoach to Bath; a journey which at that time was performed "if God permitted, in three days." Shortly after his arrival, the Corporation of Bath elected him Master of Ceremonies of that city, a position which he held with eminent success and unequalled pomp for more than half a century.

It must not be thought that the post was in any way a sinecure. It would be difficult to enumerate all the varied activities by which the debonair gamester converted the humdrum West Country town into the most fashionable centre of eighteenth-century life in England. He superintended the improving of the roads leading to the city, had the streets lighted, regulated the charges of the sedan-chair men, had ball-rooms and hospitals built, and contrived suitable shelters round the famous baths. Always an expert in such matters as rank, precedence, and urbane decorum, he transformed the city of Bath into a modish and exquisite resort for gaming, foppery, and gallantry.

When Beau Nash first took up office, his sense of the correct was considerably exercised by a certain grossness of manners which prevailed at that time. It seems that in those days men were not at all ashamed to appear at polite gatherings in their jack boots and the ladies in their aprons. As a counterstroke to such unseemly practices, Nash composed the following satirical rhyme:

Come, trollops and slatterns,
Cockt hats and white aprons,
This best our modesty suits;
For why should not we
In dress be as free
As Hogs-Norton 'squires in boots.

Nor was this his only method of displaying his displeasure. If Nash's eye so much as caught a glimpse of heavy foot-wear in an assembly-room, he would hurry across to the offender and with a low bow inquire of him "if he had not forgotten his horse?" Recalcitrant dames he would treat still more severely: on one occasion even going so far as to remove with his own hands, from the person of the Duchess of Queensbury, an apron of point lace which was said to be worth 500 guineas.

It was indeed a prim and elegant life that Nash inaugurated, a life in which periwigged men of fashion, immaculate in all but their morals, strutted and minuetted before exquisitely patched and powdered ladies. They met at the pump-room where they were diverted by the conversation of the "gay, the witty and the forward"; they met at Spring Gardens where on summer mornings they would tread a cotillion together on the smooth lawns between the painted flower-beds; they met again as they made a tour "through the milliners and toymen, to stop at Mr. Gill's the pastry-cook, to take a jelly, a tart, or a small basin of vermicelli." Each night they attended a ball opened with a minuet danced by a lady and gentleman "of the highest rank present" and followed by country dances "wherein the ladies according to their quality stood up first." At an appointed hour, Nash would raise two fingers as a sign that it was time for the music to cease, and then, after a short interval for the dancers to cool, the company would take their departure.

What a delightful picture one gets of it all, of the sedate, pleasure-loving old town with its abbey-bells ringing out a welcome to each fashionable arrival, with Beau Nash hurrying down the cobbled streets, his famous white beaver hat on his head, to pay his compliments to each newcomer. And what a gay figure he himself must have cut in those resplendent days: indeed we learn from Lord Chesterfield that his attire was on one occasion so gorgeous "that as he stood by chance in the midst of the dancers he was taken by many to be a gilt garland." Though Beau Nash was fond of declaring that "Wit, flattery, and fine clothes were enough to debauch a nunnery," there is little evidence that he himself ever indulged in intrigues with his fair visitors who every morning like so many lovely nymphs stepped into the elegant health-giving waters and received from the hands of their attendants "little floating dishes into which to lay their handkerchiefs, little nosegays, and sweetmeats." Judging by the standards of the eighteenth century, it would seem that his personal life defied criticism, for in an age "when a fellow of high humour would drink no wine but what was strained through his mistress's smock," he can scarcely be condemned for accepting the blandishments bestowed upon him by his three successive adorers, Lady Betty Besom, Hannah Lightfoot, and Juliana Popjoy.

An issue of the *Gentleman's Magazine* at the end of the eighteenth century throws a remarkable light upon the latter years of the last of these women. "Juliana Popjoy," it says, "died last week. For thirty or forty years she has lived in a hollow tree. She had been mistress to the famous Beau Nash of Bath."

In Wesley's journal we find a curious description of a meeting that took place between that honest God-intoxicated evangelist and Beau Nash. Wesley had come to hold a conventicle at Bath which was, of course, the very stronghold of frivolity. Before his service opened, Nash appeared and did not hesitate to protest that his preaching "frightened the people out of their wits."

"Sir, did you ever hear me preach?" inquired the Puritan of the Dandy.

"No," came the answer, "but I judge by common report."

"Common report, Sir, is not enough. Give me leave, Sir, to ask is not your name Nash?"

"My name is Nash."

"Sir, I dare not judge of you by common report." And with that, so the story runs, the man of fashion uttered not a word more but walked silently away.

Are we to suppose that, as sometimes happens to simple souls, Beau Nash experienced at that moment a new and strange misgiving as to the import of the superficial existence which surrounded him and which in part he himself had been responsible for calling into existence? And is there perhaps some connexion between his religious susceptibilities on that occasion and the extraordinary conduct of his lady in taking up her residence where patches and cosmetics were replaced by owls' pellets and bat's droppings?

Alas! as the years went by the evening of the Beau's life began to grow cloudy. The old man grew choleric and testy: he became egotistical and would weary the company with his oft repeated tales. There is something strangely pathetic about the spectacle of this aged "glass of fashion" clinging peevishly to the last remnants of his mock power which with the passing of the years he had come to consider his natural right. "Old Beau Knash makes himself disagreeable to all who come to Bath. He is now become fit only to read 'Shirlock' upon death, by which he may save his soul and gain more proffitts than ever he could by his white hatt, suppose it was to be dyed red," wrote an impertinent illiterate eager to usurp the old gentleman's place who, having lived and prospered in the reigns of half a dozen sovereigns of England, was now "labouring under the unconquerable distemper of old age."

Sick and decrepit, the antique Macoroni drifted into poverty. At the last, even his cherished collection of snuff-boxes had to be sold, and he gladly accepted a pension of ten pounds to be delivered him on the first Monday of every month.

Only after his death did something of the glamour of his ancient renown revive. For we are told that on a certain afternoon in the middle of February, 1761, the farm-labourers of Somerset unyoked their oxen, the colliers ceased from mining, the weavers from spinning in order to witness from the stately roof-tops of Bath, the body of the celebrated old fop pass by on its way to its final resting place in the Abbey church; there to await the ordained hour when, in a form more glorified than it had ever been by lace or frill, it should be called to appear before the presence of its Maker.

LEWELYN POWYS.

OBSTACLES TO FREE THOUGHT.¹

BEFORE leaving the subject of education, I will take another example from America²—not because America is any worse than other countries, but because it is the most modern, showing the dangers that are growing rather than those that are diminishing. In the State of New York a school can not be established without a licence from the State, even if it is to be supported wholly by private funds. A recent law decrees that a licence shall not be granted to any school "where it shall appear that the instruction proposed to be given includes the teaching of the doctrine that organized governments shall be overthrown by force, violence, or unlawful means." As the *New Republic* points out, there is no limitation to this or that organized government. The law therefore would have made it illegal, during the war, to teach the doctrine that the Kaiser's Government should be overthrown by force; and, since then, the support of Kolchak or Denikin against the Soviet Government would have been illegal. Such consequences, of course, were not intended, and result only from bad draughtsmanship. What was intended appears from another law passed at the same time, applying to teachers in State schools. This law provides that certificates permitting persons to teach in such schools shall be issued only to those who have "shown satisfactorily" that they are "loyal and obedient to the Government of this State and of the United States," and shall be refused to those who have advocated, no matter where or when, "a form of government other than the government of this State or of the United States." The committee which framed these laws, as quoted by the *New Republic*, laid it down that the teacher who "does not approve of the present social system . . . must surrender his office," and that "no person who is not eager to combat the theories of social change should be entrusted with the task of fitting the young and old for the responsibilities of citizenship." Thus, according to the law of the State of New York, Christ and George Washington were too degraded morally to be fit for the education of the young. If Christ were to go to New York and say, "Suffer the little children to come unto me," the President of the New York School Board would reply: "Sir, I see no evidence that you are eager to combat theories of social change. Indeed, I have heard it said that you advocate what you call the *kingdom* of heaven, whereas this country, thank God, is a Republic. It is clear that the government of your kingdom of heaven would differ materially from that of New York State, therefore no children will be allowed access to you." If he failed to make this reply, he would not be doing his duty as a functionary entrusted with the administration of the law.

The effect of such laws is very serious. Let it be granted, for the sake of argument, that the government and the social system in the State of New York are the best that have ever existed on this planet; yet even then both would presumably be capable of improvement. Any person who admits this obvious proposition is by law incapable of teaching in a State school. Thus the law decrees that the teachers shall all be either hypocrites or fools.

The growing danger exemplified by the New York law is that resulting from the monopoly of power in the hands of a single organization, whether the State or a trust or federation of trusts. In the case of education, the power is in the hands of the State, which can prevent the young from hearing of any doctrine which

¹ Part I of this article appeared in the *Freeman* of 24 May, 1922.

² See the *New Republic*, 1 February, 1922, p. 259 ff.

it dislikes. I believe there are still some people who think that a democratic State is scarcely distinguishable from the people. This, however, is a delusion. The State is a collection of officials, different for different purposes, drawing comfortable incomes so long as the *status quo* is preserved. The only alteration they are likely to desire in the *status quo* is an increase of bureaucracy and the power of bureaucrats. It is, therefore, natural that they should take advantage of such opportunities as war-excitement to acquire inquisitorial powers over their employees involving the right to inflict starvation upon any subordinate who opposes them. In matters of the mind, such as education, this state of affairs is fatal. It puts an end to all possibility of progress or freedom or intellectual initiative. Yet it is the natural result of allowing the whole of elementary education to fall under the sway of a single organization.

Religious toleration, to a certain extent, has been won because people have ceased to consider religion so important as it was once thought to be. But in politics and economics, which have taken the place formerly occupied by religion, there is a growing tendency to persecution, which is not by any means confined to one party. The persecution of opinion in Russia is more severe than in any capitalist country. I met in Petrograd an eminent Russian poet, Alexander Blok, who has since died as the result of privations. The Bolsheviks allowed him to teach æsthetics, but he complained that they insisted on his teaching the subject "from a Marxian point of view." He had been at a loss to discover how the theory of rhythmic was connected with Marxism, although, to avoid starvation, he had done his best to find out. Of course, it has been impossible in Russia ever since the Bolsheviks came into power to print anything critical of the dogmas upon which their regime is founded.

The examples of America and Russia illustrate the conclusion to which we seem to be driven—namely: that so long as men continue to have the present fanatical belief in the importance of politics, free thought on political matters will be impossible, and there is only too much danger that the lack of freedom will spread to all other matters, as it has done in Russia. Only some degree of political scepticism can save us from this misfortune.

It must not be supposed that the officials in charge of education desire the young to become educated. On the contrary, their problem is to impart information without imparting intelligence. Education should have two objects: first, to give definite knowledge—reading and writing, languages and mathematics, and so on; secondly, to create those mental habits which will enable people to acquire knowledge and form sound judgments for themselves. The first of these we may call information, the second intelligence. The utility of information is admitted practically as well as theoretically; without a literate population a modern State is impossible. But the utility of intelligence is admitted only theoretically, not practically; it is not desired that ordinary people should think for themselves, because it is felt that people who think for themselves are awkward to manage and cause administrative difficulties. Only the guardians, in Plato's language, are to think; the rest are to obey, or to follow leaders like a herd of sheep. This doctrine, often unconsciously, has survived the introduction of political democracy, and has radically vitiated all national systems of education.

The country which has succeeded best in giving information without intelligence is the latest addition to modern civilization, Japan. Elementary education in

Japan is said to be admirable from the point of view of instruction. But, in addition to instruction, it has another purpose, which is to teach worship of the Mikado—a far stronger creed now than before Japan became modernized.¹ Thus the schools have been used simultaneously to confer knowledge and to promote superstition. Since we are not tempted to Mikado-worship, we see clearly what is absurd in Japanese teaching. Our own national superstitions strike us as natural and sensible, so that we do not take such a true view of them as we do of the superstitions of Nippon. But if a travelled Japanese were to maintain the thesis that our schools teach superstitions just as inimical to intelligence as belief in the divinity of the Mikado, I suspect that he would be able to make out a very good case.

For the present I am not in search of remedies, but am only concerned with diagnosis. We are faced with the paradoxical fact that education has become one of the chief obstacles to intelligence and freedom of thought. This is due primarily to the fact that the State claims a monopoly; but that is not the sole cause.

(2) *Propaganda*. Our system of education turns young people out of the schools able to read, but for the most part unable to weigh evidence or to form an independent opinion. They are then assailed, throughout the rest of their lives, by statements designed to make them believe all sorts of absurd propositions, such as that Blank's pills cure all ills, that Spitzbergen is warm and fertile and that Germans eat corpses. The art of propaganda, as practised by modern politicians and Governments, is derived from the art of advertisement. The science of psychology owes a great deal to advertisers. In former days most psychologists would probably have thought that a man could not convince many people of the excellence of his own wares by merely stating emphatically that they were excellent. Experience shows, however, that they were mistaken in this. If I were to stand up once in a public place and state that I am the most modest man alive, I should be laughed at; but if I could raise enough money to make the same statement on all the busses and on hoardings along all the principal railway-lines, people would presently become convinced that I had an abnormal shrinking from publicity. If I were to go to a small shopkeeper and say: "Look at your competitor over the way, he is getting your business; don't you think it would be a good plan to leave your business and stand up in the middle of the road and try to shoot him before he shoots you?"—if I were to say this, any small shopkeeper would think me mad. But when the Government says it with emphasis and a brass band, the small shopkeepers become enthusiastic, and are quite surprised when they find afterwards that business has suffered. Propaganda, conducted by the means which advertisers have found successful, is now one of the recognized methods of government in all advanced countries, and is especially the method by which democratic opinion is created.

There are two quite different evils about propaganda as now practised. On the one hand, its appeal is generally to irrational causes of belief rather than to serious argument; on the other hand, it gives an unfair advantage to those who can obtain most publicity, whether through wealth or through power. For my part, I am inclined to think that too much fuss is sometimes made about the fact that propaganda appeals to emotion rather than reason. The line between emotion and reason is not so sharp as some people think.

¹ See "The Invention of a New Republic." Professor Chamberlain, of Tokio. Published by the Rationalist Press Association. (Now out of print.)

Moreover, a clever man could frame a sufficiently rational argument in favour of any position which has any chance of being adopted. There are always good arguments on both sides of any real issue. Definite misstatements of fact can be legitimately objected to, but they are by no means necessary. These mere words "Pear's Soap," which affirm nothing, cause people to buy that article. If, wherever these words appear, they were replaced by the words "The Labour Party," millions of people would be led to vote for the Labour party, although the advertisements had claimed no merit for it whatever. But if both sides in a controversy were confined by law to statements which a committee of eminent logicians considered relevant and valid, the main evil of propaganda, as at present conducted, would remain. Suppose, under such a law, two parties with an equally good case, one of whom had a million pounds to spend on propaganda, while the other had only a hundred thousand. It is obvious that the arguments in favour of the richer party would become more widely known than those in favour of the poorer party, and therefore the richer party would win. This situation is, of course, intensified when one party is the Government. In Russia the Government has an almost complete monopoly of propaganda, but that is not necessary. The advantages which it possesses over its opponents will generally be sufficient to give it the victory, unless it has an exceptionally bad case.

The objection to propaganda is not only its appeal to unreason, but still more the unfair advantage which it gives to the rich and powerful. Equality of opportunity among opinions is essential if there is to be real freedom of thought; and equality of opportunity among opinions can only be secured by elaborate laws directed to that end, which there is no reason to expect to see enacted. The cure is not to be sought primarily in such laws, but in better education and a more sceptical public opinion. For the moment, however, I am not concerned to discuss cures.

(3) *Economic pressure.* I have already dealt with some aspects of this obstacle to freedom of thought, but I wish now to deal with it on more general lines, as a danger which is bound to increase unless very definite steps are taken to counteract it. The supreme example of economic pressure applied against freedom of thought is Soviet Russia, where, until the trade-agreement, the Government could and did inflict starvation upon people whose opinions it disliked—for example, Kropotkin. But in this respect Russia is only somewhat ahead of other countries. In France, during the Dreyfus affair, any teacher would have lost his position if he had been in favour of Dreyfus at the start or against him at the end. In America, at the present day, I doubt if a university professor, however eminent, could get employment if he were to criticize the Standard Oil Company, because all college presidents have received or hope to receive benefactions from Mr. Rockefeller. Throughout America Socialists are marked men, and find it extremely difficult to obtain work unless they have great gifts. The tendency, which exists wherever industrialism is well developed, for trusts and monopolies to control all industry, leads to a diminution of the number of possible employers, so that it becomes easier and easier to keep secret black books by means of which anyone not subservient to the great corporations can be starved. The growth of monopolies is introducing in America many of the evils associated with State socialism as it has existed in Russia. From the standpoint of liberty, it makes no difference to a man whether his only possible employer is the State or a trust.

In America, which is the most advanced country industrially, and to a lesser extent in other countries which are approximating to the American condition, it is necessary for the average citizen, if he wishes to make a living, to avoid incurring the hostility of certain big men. And these big men have an outlook—religious, moral, and political—with which they expect their employees to agree, at least outwardly. A man who openly dissents from Christianity, or believes in a relaxation of the marriage laws, or objects to the power of the great corporations, finds America a very uncomfortable country, unless he happens to be an eminent writer. Exactly the same kind of restraints upon freedom of thought are bound to occur in every country where economic organization has been carried to the point of practical monopoly. Therefore the safeguarding of liberty in the world which is growing up is far more difficult than it was in the nineteenth century, when free competition was still a reality. Whoever cares about the freedom of the mind must face this situation fully and frankly, realizing the inapplicability of methods which answered well enough while industrialism was in its infancy.

There are two simple principles which, if they were adopted, would solve almost all social problems. The first is that education should have for one of its aims to teach people only to believe propositions when there is some reason to think that they are true. The second is that jobs should be given solely for fitness to do the work.

To take the second point first. The habit of considering a man's religious, moral, and political opinions before appointing him to a post or giving him a job is the modern form of persecution, and it is likely to become quite as efficient as the Inquisition ever was. The old liberties can be legally retained without being of the slightest use. If, in practice, certain opinions lead a man to starve, it is poor comfort to him to know that his opinions are not punishable by law. There is a certain public feeling against starving men for not belonging to the Church of England, or for holding slightly unorthodox opinions in politics. But there is hardly any feeling against the rejection of atheists or Mormons, extreme communists, or men who advocate free love. Such men are thought to be wicked, and it is considered only natural to refuse to employ them. People have hardly yet waked up to the fact that this refusal, in a highly industrial State, amounts to a very rigorous form of persecution.

If this danger were adequately realized, it would be possible to rouse public opinion, and to secure that a man's beliefs should not be considered in appointing him to a post. The protection of minorities is vitally important; and even the most orthodox of us may find himself in a minority some day, so that we all have an interest in restraining the tyranny of majorities. Nothing except public opinion can solve this problem. Socialism would make it somewhat more acute, since it would eliminate the opportunities that now arise through exceptional employers. Every increase in the size of industrial undertakings makes it worse, since it diminishes the number of independent employers. The battle must be fought exactly as the battle of religious toleration was fought. And as in that case, so in this, a decay in the intensity of belief is likely to prove the decisive factor. While men were convinced of the absolute truth of Catholicism or Protestantism, as the case might be, they were willing to persecute on account of them. While men are quite certain of their modern creeds, they will persecute on their behalf. Some element of doubt is essential to the practice,

though not to the theory, of toleration. And this brings me to my other point, which concerns the aims of education.

If there is to be toleration in the world, one of the things taught in schools must be the habit of weighing evidence, and the practice of not giving full assent to propositions which there is no reason to believe true. For example, the art of reading the newspapers should be taught. The schoolmaster should select some incident which happened a good many years ago, and roused political passions in its day. He should then read to the school-children what was said by the newspapers on one side, what was said by those on the other, and some impartial account of what really happened. He should show how, from the biased account of either side, a practised reader could infer what really happened, and he should make them understand that everything in newspapers is more or less untrue. The cynical scepticism which would result from this teaching would make the children in later life immune from those appeals to idealism by which decent people are induced to further the schemes of scoundrels.

History should be taught in the same way. Napoleon's campaigns of 1813 and 1814, for instance, might be studied in the *Moniteur*, leading up to the surprise which Parisians felt when they saw the Allies arriving under the walls of Paris after they had (according to the official bulletins) been beaten by Napoleon in every battle. In the more advanced classes, students should be encouraged to count the number of times that Lenin has been assassinated by Trotsky, in order to learn contempt for death. Finally, they should be given a school-history approved by the Government, and asked to infer what a French school-history would say about our wars with France. All this would be a far better training in citizenship than the trite moral maxims by which some people believe that civic duty can be inculcated.

It must, I think, be admitted that the evils of the world are due to moral defects quite as much as to lack of intelligence. But the human race has not hitherto discovered any method of eradicating moral defects; preaching and exhortation only add hypocrisy to the previous list of vices. Intelligence, on the contrary, is easily improved by methods known to every competent educator. Therefore, until some method of teaching virtue has been discovered, progress will have to be sought by improvement of intelligence rather than of morals. One of the chief obstacles to intelligence is credulity, and credulity could be enormously diminished by instruction as to the prevalent forms of mendacity. Credulity is a greater evil in the present day than it ever was before, because, owing to the growth of education, it is much easier than it used to be to spread misinformation, and, owing to democracy, the spread of misinformation is more important than in former times to the holders of power. Hence the increase in the circulation of newspapers.

If I am asked how the world is to be induced to adopt these two maxims—namely: (1) that jobs should be given to people on account of their fitness to perform them; (2) that one aim of education should be to cure people of the habit of believing propositions for which there is no evidence—I can only say that it must be done by generating an enlightened public opinion. And an enlightened public opinion can only be generated by the efforts of those who desire that it should exist. I do not believe that the economic changes advocated by Socialists will, of themselves, do anything towards curing the evils we have been considering. I think that, whatever happens in politics, the trend of economic

development will make the preservation of mental freedom increasingly difficult, unless public opinion insists that the employer shall control nothing in the life of the employee except his work. Freedom in education could easily be secured, if it were desired, by limiting the function of the State to inspection and payment, and confining inspection rigidly to the definite instruction. But that, as things stand, would leave education in the hands of the churches, because, unfortunately, they are more anxious to teach their beliefs than freethinkers are to teach their doubts. It would, however, give a free field, and would make it possible for a liberal education to be given if it were really desired. More than that ought not to be asked of the law.

My plea throughout this address has been for the spread of the scientific temper, which is an altogether different thing from the knowledge of scientific results. The scientific temper is capable of regenerating mankind and providing an issue for all our troubles. The results of science, in the form of mechanism, poison gas, and the yellow press, bid fair to lead to the total downfall of our civilization. It is a curious antithesis, which a Martian might contemplate with amused detachment. But for us it is a matter of life and death. Upon its issue depends the question whether our grandchildren are to live in a happier world, or are to exterminate each other by scientific methods, leaving perhaps to Negroes and Papuans the future destinies of mankind.

BERTRAND RUSSELL.

LETTERS FROM A COUSIN: V.

LONDON. April, 1922.

THIS is a suffering and a humiliated city, and, as a part of it, I am glad to be in it for this its time of trial. The pressure that is being brought to bear upon it is enormous, and London, which has put pressure on almost every other city in the world during the last hundred years, is dazed and resentful. The sensation is so unfamiliar as to seem disreputable and shameful, and Londoners are ashamed, creeping about with a curious Y. M. C. A. polish upon their dinginess. Every one I meet complains of loneliness and lack of interest in other people, occupations, pleasure, events; and this is intelligible. There are too many events, and troubles that were obvious and should have been met three years ago are now all crowded together and can not be dealt with. The result is a crisis of which no one can make head or tail, except that eminent persons are somehow diminished and are shown to be as impotent as the poorest wreck on the seats of the Embankment. It is very funny, but no one can laugh. There was more merriment during the war when the full pressure of that dislocation of society was felt in London; but then we could say it was the Germans' fault. Now, however, we can blame no one. We are respectable. We have not, like some places we could mention, barbed-wire entanglements and armoured cars in the streets, but somehow our very respectability only intensifies the pressure, and we are dangerously near the sick state of refusing to make any effort to understand it, whence it comes and why.

There is a lock-out in the engineering trades which throws a million people out of work. This lock-out is the central point of the situation, for it is the one dispute in which the real issue is almost defined. The managements insist upon the right to exercise managerial functions in the works; and also, by implication, they insist on the right to define managerial functions without reference to the men and women whose work is to be managed. In other words, the managements, the Boards of Directors and their bureaucrats, are insisting upon imperialism in industry, just as the British Government is insisting upon imperialism in the management of the British Commonwealth, *i.e.*, management without refer-

ence to the wishes or the needs of the people managed. Such management, so far as the British public is concerned, has never been questioned, and there is a shocking element of blasphemy in the objections raised by the Irish, the Egyptians and the Indians. This stultifies British policy because the British public is utterly uninstructed concerning the British Empire, except as a divine dispensation for the good of the wicked races who have missed the privilege of being born in these islands. The world is the better for it. That is axiomatic and anyone who disputes it can be dealt with only by the strong hand. The British mind, especially the London mind, has gone no further than that God helped us to thwart the wicked aspiration of the Germans who wanted to divert a peaceful and industrious human race to the pleasures of rape and murder. How then can anyone dare, in the face of God's approval as instanced by the British victory in the great war, to question the virtue of the British Empire? We insist, we must insist, on the right to exercise and to define managerial functions, even though bread does rise to ninepence a loaf and our markets dwindle. There can not be anything wrong with our management. Some one, somewhere, is being wicked, but we have nothing to fear. Whoever it is, God will do to him what He did to the Germans.

We are an ignorant people. Our sons and daughters go to the ends of the earth. They send money home, but no instruction. If they return to these islands they keep their mouths shut, realizing perhaps that the British mind is impenetrable, or perhaps believing that, though the British may have made blunders here and there, yet they are somehow more decent than other races and equipped with a better legal sense, so that a fundamental offence against the spirit of law is to them the one unpardonable thing, and what they really mean by the sin against the Holy Ghost.

It may be that the British mind can reach to nothing else, and that for international action it always has to wait until some sufficiently fundamental offence has been committed. This would explain, I fancy, the difficulty that foreigners (including Americans) have in dealing with the British, who so deeply and so unconsciously and in such a stupid fashion insist upon that one element in all their dealings, and will let everything else go to wrack and ruin until it is established. That is certainly the domestic problem now: how is modern industry to be administered so as to be in accordance with the spirit of the law? What guarantees are there that the immense power of modern industry will conform to that spirit? There is very little sign of its having done so in America or Germany, where modern industries are most highly developed. Very well then: America and Germany must wait, the whole world must wait, or burst if need be, until that problem is solved. There are strikes, unemployment, revolt, in Ireland, India, Egypt. Very well then, there are strikes, unemployment, etc., but they are not going to divert the British mind from its problem.

Much more serious and much more calamitous is the hysteria with which Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Winston Churchill approach their unimportant political task, labouring in vain to persuade themselves and their constituents and the public and the distinguished foreigner that what they are engaged in is having some effect. It is having none. The British in their blindness have gone on believing that their industrialized society could be made to conform to the forms of eighteenth-century law, and they have made no allowances for the transformation that industrialism has brought about in human nature. The forms of eighteenth-century law have been reduced to nonsense and the British mind has been driven back on the spirit of law which created those forms. There it takes its stand, and nothing can budge it; just as, for instance, nothing could budge Burke and Wordsworth once they had made up their minds about the atrocious illegality of the French Revolution.

It is just the same now with regard to Russia. Lenin and Trotzky have flouted the spirit of law just as Rockefeller and Pierpont Morgan have done in America, and

the British mind will have nothing to do with them or their works. It is obvious that the world's problem is a problem of international finance, but to the British mind international finance is suspect as in spirit contrary to the law; and until some proposal is brought forward that is not repugnant to that spirit, the British mind will not budge. Russians may starve, the Germans may work themselves to death, the Americans may clamour for markets to be opened for their gold: for everything there is now only the one test, the law. This is so because in the mass we understand nothing else. We produce odd brilliant people, writers and scientists, but they generally manage to get themselves outside the law; they are anarchic or otherwise troublesome and we quietly ignore them, freeze them out. It is not a matter of morals. We are wretched moralists. It is entirely a matter of social conscience, of order, of what is fair and decent. The nations under the industrial system have to have far more dealings with one another than they used to have. This, though deplorable, from the London point of view, is inevitable; but, if it is so, there must be a legal basis to it, and it is only on that basis that the British mind can begin even to think about it. The Germans or the French or the Americans may talk commerce, or finance, or morals, or sentiment, or pure egoism, until they are black in the face; they will make no impression whatsoever. The irony of the situation is that this sense is so deeply rooted in the British people that they are almost unconscious of and entirely inarticulate about it. They take it for granted and believe that every one else does so too, and they have no idea of the extent to which their tacit unconscious assumption kept Europe floundering before the war and now keeps the whole world guessing and gasping.

It is a curious impasse. No one knows how to approach the British, who have to be approached. They have tried stolidly but in vain to understand French cupidity and that curious American idealism which makes no attempt to meet the facts in any issue, and they have waited until the hysteria should die down and something should be done which would challenge their legal sense, not knowing until recently how the first challenge would bring home to them the crimes committed in their name, among others the prolongation of the war from 1916 to 1918, the greatest crime in the history of the world. That has been a stunning and a crushing experience, bringing us down to bedrock so that we no longer blame anyone, not even ourselves. Things are beyond blame. We want to do what is fair, what is decent, what is orderly, and if only these Irish and Egyptians and Indians would talk to us in a language we can understand and would not be in such a tearing hurry we would agree that law need not necessarily be British law, only it must be law, that is, a man must keep his word in business and indulge his vices so that they do not trouble other people.

The Law is the true embodiment
Of everything that's excellent.
It has no kind of fault or flaw,
And I, my Lords, embody the Law.

Great Britain has never been more admirably summed up than in the person of the Lord Chancellor in "Iolanthe," and Mr. Hughes, Mr. Hoover and the gentlemen in Wall Street who are at present scratching their heads and wondering what on earth is to be done about this strange, pig-headed, thoroughly immoral and hypocritical, miraculously stupid but legally-minded people, who are "my delight on a shining night in the season of the year," might do worse than take down and study the libretti of Gilbert's operas. Gilbert was himself a lawyer, and most of our good writers from Fielding to Dickens down have had some association with the courts, and most of our great men like Hampden and Cromwell have acted not from conscience but from an inflamed legal sense which has made them strong enough to alter the course of history. It is our habit, our instinctive practice, relying on our legal sense, to give the world rope enough to hang itself. If it dies intestate we regard ourselves as the

heir-at-law. That is the essence and it is the whole process of British imperialism, the consequences of which have recoiled upon London with a horrid violence; but for all that, in the chemistry of inter-racial relations, the British legal sense has properties which are to be found nowhere else, and they can not be produced synthetically.

There are times when frankness has become so necessary that there is no particular virtue in it. I write, for whoso cares to read, as one of a family that has got itself into a frightful mess, setting forth what I have to offer, exposing the virtues and limitations of my people to foreign scrutiny so as to remove misunderstanding before we enter into co-operation. We insist upon exercising managerial functions: that is to say, those functions must be exercised in sympathy with the spirit of the law. We have been and are grossly misunderstood. The misunderstanding may be and undoubtedly is in part due to our fault. To repair it we are ready to sacrifice everything but that which is the very essence of our being, law and order and the legal sense which guarantees them.

That, O my American friends, is the state of mind of this London of mine, London in which I have been lawyer, journalist, author, notorious rebel, pacifist, man-about-town, actor, lecturer, pamphleteer, and by repute more things than I could name or even know; London which is as much a part of me as my hair or my hand, and to which I return all the more devoutly for having loved New York and the wilderness and Cairo, Paris, Marseilles; to be more than ever a Londoner, pleasure-loving, thought-loving, wit-loving, but above all law-loving, for without the law there would be no London.

GILBERT CANNAN.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF S. A. TOLSTOY.

(Continued.)

IN November, 1866, Leo Nikolaievitch used to go to the Rumyantsov Museum and read up everything about the freemasons. Before leaving Yasnaya Polyana he always left me work to copy. When I had finished it, I sent it off to Moscow, and I wrote to my husband: "How have you decided about the novel? I have come to love your novel very much. When I sent the fair copy off to Moscow, I felt as if I had sent off a child, and I am afraid that some harm may come to it."

In copying I was often astonished and could not understand why Leo Nikolaievitch corrected or destroyed what seemed so beautiful, and I used to be delighted if he put back what he had struck out. Sometimes proofs which had been finally corrected and sent off, were returned again to Leo Nikolaievitch at his request in order to be re-corrected and re-copied. Or a telegram would be sent to substitute one word for another. My whole soul became so immersed in the copying that I began myself to feel when it was not altogether right; for instance, when there were frequent repetitions of the same word, long periods, wrong punctuation, obscurity, etc., I used to point all these things out to Leo Nikolaievitch. Sometimes he was grateful for my remarks; sometimes he would explain why it ought to remain as it was: he would say that details do not matter, only the general scheme matters.

The first thing which I copied out in my clumsy but legible handwriting was "Polikushka," and for years afterwards that work delighted me. I used to long for the evening when Leo Nikolaievitch would bring me something newly written or re-corrected. Some passages in "War and Peace," and also in his other works, had to be copied over and over again. Others, for instance the description of the uncle's hunting-party in "War and Peace," were written once and for all and were not corrected. I remember how Leo Nikolaievitch called me down to his study and read aloud to me that chapter just after he had written it, and we smiled and were happy.

In copying, I sometimes allowed myself to make remarks, and to ask him to strike out anything which I thought not sufficiently pure to be read by young people, for instance in the scene of the beautiful Ellen's cynicism, and Leo Nikolaievitch granted my request. But

often in my life, when copying the poetical and charming passages in my husband's works, I wept, not only because they moved me, but simply from the artist's pleasure which I felt with the author.

It used to grieve me much when Leo Nikolaievitch suddenly became depressed and disappointed with his work, and wrote to me that he did not like the novel and was miserable. This was particularly the case in 1864, when he broke his arm, and I wrote to him in Moscow: "Why have you lost heart in everything? Everything depresses you; nothing goes right. Why have you lost heart and courage? Haven't you the strength to rouse yourself? Remember how pleased you were with the novel, how well you thought it all out, and suddenly you don't like it. No, no, you must not. Now, come to us; instead of the Kremlin's walls you will see our *chepysh* [the old oak forest near the house] lighted up by the sun, and the fields . . . and with a happy face you will begin telling me ideas for your work; you will dictate to me, and ideas will again come to you, and the melancholy will pass away." And after he had come home, so it was.

If Leo Nikolaievitch stopped working, I used to feel dull and would write to him: "Prepare, prepare work for me." In Moscow he sold the first part of "War and Peace" to Katkov for the *Russky Vyesnik*, and he handed the manuscript over to the secretary, Lyubimov. Somehow or other it made me sad, and I wrote to my husband: "I felt so sorry that you had sold it. Terrible! Your thoughts, feelings, your talent, even your soul—sold!"

When Leo Nikolaievitch had finished "War and Peace," I asked him to publish that beautiful epic in book-form, and not to publish it in magazines, and he agreed. Soon afterwards N. N. Strakhov's brilliant review of it came out, and Leo Nikolaievitch said that the place which by his appreciation Strakhov gave to "War and Peace" would remain permanent. But apart from this, Tolstoy's fame grew with great rapidity, and his reputation as a writer rose higher and higher and soon extended to all countries and all classes.

Princess Paskevitch was the first to translate "War and Peace" into French. She undertook the translation to promote some charitable purpose, and the French, although surprised, appreciated the work of the Russian writer. Among my papers I have a copy of I. S. Turgenev's letter to Edmond About, in which Turgenev gives the highest praise to "War and Peace." Among other things, he says on 20 January, 1880: "*Un des livres les plus remarquables de notre temps.*" And again: "*Ceci est un grande œuvre d'un grand écrivain et c'est la vraie Russie.*"

In 1869, the printing of the first edition of "War and Peace" was completed; it was quickly sold out and a second printed. The writer Shedrin's opinion of "War and Peace" was strange; he said with contempt that it reminded him of the chatter of nursemaids and old ladies.

After finishing his great work, Leo Nikolaievitch's need for creative activity did not come to an end. New ideas sprang up in his mind. In working on the period of Peter the Great, he was unable, despite all his efforts, to describe the period, particularly its everyday life. I wrote to my sister about it: "All the characters of the time of Peter the Great, he now has ready; they are dressed, arranged, sitting in their places, but they don't breathe yet. Perhaps they will begin to live." But these characters did not come to life. The beginning of this work on the time of Peter the Great still remains unpublished.

At one time Leo Nikolaievitch intended to write the history of Mirovitch, but he did not accomplish that either. He always shared with me his plans about work, and in 1870 he told me that he wanted to write a novel about the fall of a society woman in the highest Petersburg circles, and the task which he set himself was to tell the story of the woman and of her fall without condemning her. The idea was later carried out in his new novel, "Anna Karenina." I well remember the circumstances in which he began to write that novel.

In order to amuse my old aunt, Tatyana Alexandrovna Ergolsky, I sent my son Sergey, who was her godson, to read aloud to her Pushkin's "Tales of Byelkin." She fell asleep while he was reading, and Sergey went up to the nursery, leaving the book on a table in the drawing-room. Leo Nikolaievitch took up the book, and started to read a passage beginning with the words: "The guests were arriving at the country-house of Count L...." "How good, how simple!" said Leo Nikolaievitch, "Straight to business! That's the way to write! Pushkin is my master." That same evening Leo Nikolaievitch began to write "Anna Karenina" and read the opening chapter to me; after a short introduction about the families, he had written: "Everything was in a muddle in the house of the Oblonskys." That was on 19 March, 1872.

When he had written the first part of "Anna Karenina" and had given me the second part to be copied, Leo Nikolaievitch suddenly stopped working at it and became interested in education. In 1874, he wrote to Countess Alexandra Andreyevna Tolstoy: "I am again deep in education, as I was fourteen years ago. I am writing a novel, but I can not tear myself away from the living in order to describe imaginary people."

However difficult I might find it to combine the copying with my maternal and other duties, I missed it when I did not have it, and waited impatiently for my husband's artistic work to begin again.

The conditions under which "Anna Karenina" was written were much more difficult than those under which "War and Peace" was written. Then we had undisturbed happiness, now there died in succession three of our children, and two aunts. I became ill, grew thin, coughed blood, and suffered from pains in the back. Leo Nikolaievitch became alarmed, and in Moscow, on our way to get kumiss, he consulted Professor Zakharin, who said: "It is not yet consumption, but her nerves may be shattered"; and he added reproachfully: "You have neglected her, though." He forbade me to teach the children or do the copying, and he prescribed a regime of silence. For a long time I got no better, especially as we had to spend the summer on the Samara steppes in very inconvenient surroundings and had to live on kumiss which I could not drink. Miserable and ill, I wrote to my sister: "Levotchka's novel is published and is said to be a great success. In me it arouses strange feelings: there is so much sorrow in our house, and we are everywhere made so much of."

After "Anna Karenina," Leo Nikolaievitch, wishing to purify literature read by simple folk and to introduce more morality and art into it, wrote a series of stories and legends which I admired very much; I sympathized keenly with their idea and object. I remember being present at the university when these legends were read aloud, and I wrote to Leo Nikolaievitch at Yasnaya Polyana: "The legends were a tremendous success. They were beautifully read by Professor Storozhenko. The majority of the audience were students. The impression which the stories make on one is that the *style* is remarkably severe, concise, not a single unnecessary word, everything true and pointed—a harmonious whole. Much meaning, few words; it gives one satisfaction right up to the end."

I mention these works, as I have done those which were created during the happiest years of our life.

IV

During the first years of our married life we had few people to stay with us. I remember that Count Sologub, the author of "Tarantas," with his two sons, used to come and visit us. He was a clever and amiable man, and we all liked him very much; he won my heart by saying to Leo Nikolaievitch: "Lucky man to have such a wife." To me he once said: "You are, in fact, the nurse of your husband's talent, and go on being that all your life long." I always remembered this wise and friendly advice of Count Sologub, and I tried to follow it as well as I could.

Very often Fet used to come to us; Leo Nikolaievitch

was fond of him and Fet was fond of us both. On his journeys between Moscow and his estate he used to stay with us, and his good wife, Marie Petrovna, often came with him; he used to make the house ring with his loud, brilliant, often witty, and sometimes flattering talk.

In the early summer of 1863 he was at Yasnaya Polyana when Leo Nikolaievitch was tremendously interested in bees and used to spend whole days among the hives; sometimes I used even to bring the lunch out there. One evening we all decided to have tea in the apiary. Everywhere in the grass glowworms began to shine. Leo Nikolaievitch took two of them and laughingly held them to my ears, saying: "Look, I always promised you emerald earrings; could anything be better than these?" When Fet left, he wrote me a letter in verse, ending as follows:

In my hand is yours,
What a marvel!
And on the earth are two glowworms,
Two emeralds.

Almost always after a visit Afanasiy Afanasevitch Fet sent me a poem, and many of them were dedicated to me. In one of them I was pleased by the description, undeserved perhaps, of the qualities of my soul:

And, behold, enchanted
By thee, here, remote,
I understand, bright creature,
All the purity of thy soul.

When we settled down in Moscow, Fet bought a house near us and often visited us, saying that in Moscow all he wanted was a samovar. We laughed at this unexpected desire of Fet's and he explained: "I must be certain that in such and such a house, in the evening, the samovar is boiling and that a sweet hostess is sitting there with whom I can spend a pleasant evening."

SOPHIE ANDREIEVNA TOLSTOY.

(To be continued.)

POETRY.

TWELFTH NIGHT.

O sweet slow tempo of those happier years
That left men leisure for so many things!
Leisure for music and for madness too,
For adorations and for fertile tears.
Who listens now when comes the Fool who sings?
Who cries "Olivia!" the whole night through,
Or builds a willow cabin at the gate
Of his desire and stands importunate
Till air and earth give heed?

We have no time for anything but speed,
And scarcely know what we pursue
Or whither tend,
Or what far lover's meeting may await
The reckless journey's end!

ANNE GOODWIN WINSLOW.

MAY.

O rising passion of the youthful year,
When all that lives is lifted by thy might
Beyond its will, its vision's farthest flight,
To where the spirit beckons: "I am here";
Where bosoms swell beyond the bounds of fear,
Where hearts are gifted with immortal sight,
Where dewy skies are spheres of heavenly light,
And throats, the fountains of angelic cheer—

Mighty and timeless, thou, yet frail and swift!
Bless thou the labour of the ripening days,
Lest all the solid fruit be gross and stale,
And dust and weariness the sober ways.
Faint not, thou spring of life, though life shall fail:
Make us, the ageing, ageless with thy gift.

MARTIN SCHUTZE.

MISCELLANY.

A FRIEND just back from China came in to see me the other day, and brought up the question which I notice has occurred to the editors of the *Freeman*. China has kept her integrity through her immense power of non-resistant absorption, assimilation or encystment of invaders. She has let them come, patiently put up with them, and finally disintegrated and effaced them, indifferent to the length of time that the tedious process required. "The Manchus invaded us," said Li Hung Chang, "and oppressed us bitterly for seven hundred years—but where are the Manchus now?" Such a large and liberal sense of time as this is surely something to be reckoned with. My friend was not anxious about the fate of China against the armies of the Western Powers; what worried him was whether the Chinese could stand the invasion of that most insidious and deadly weapon of our civilization, the machine. I am not anxious about it, however. A little matter of a hundred years is nothing to the Chinese, and it would take that long, at least, for them to succumb to the machine; while by that time, no doubt, our Western civilization will either have thrown off its bondage to the machine, or else it will have disappeared, and the Chinese will in either case get the benefit of our example. I believe, however, that their age-long policy will hold good, and that they will accept the machine, assimilate it and make it serve them.

In the course of this conversation, I heard one or two interesting things about the Chinese. It appears that they like the sounds made by crickets, as I think most people do; and so, all over China there are thousands of crickets for sale in little cages. When they go forth for a stroll, also, they carry caged birds because they like to hear them sing—in other words, they carry their own music with them, instead of depending on the band-concert in the park or the jazz-artists in the cabarets. I suppose almost everybody knows these things, but somehow I had never happened to hear of them. My friend told me that the most delightful thing he saw in China was an old man sitting on a milestone by a country road with a cage of birds on either side of him. He had a long white beard and looked like a figure out of an ancient temple. His hands were crossed in his lap, his eyes were closed, and his face wore a rapt expression as he listened to the birds which were singing with all their might. His grandchildren may become interested in radio, possibly, but I still think they will retain an independent judgment about it.

THE Chinese suggest longevity; and this subject reminds me that it is a great advantage to belong to a nation that has seasoned itself for a long time in the practice of literature. The French, for example, have been in the business for many generations; the stream of their literature has gone steadily on through many profound changes in the political and social life of the nation. On this account one finds in French criticism a controlling sense of the real relation between literature and these accidents of national life. At the same time one finds a strong and active sense of the immense body of national literature already existing. By the first, the critic is restrained from importing alien considerations into his estimate of national literary figures, especially those of his contemporaries; his estimate tends to become a purely literary estimate; he does not form it with an eye, or half an eye, to the demands of the nationalist spirit. By the second, he is helped to make his estimate proportionate with reference to other figures in the literary history of the nation.

ONE misses these restraints and guidances in the body of criticism put forth by nations that are as yet in their youth. When a nation comes into prominence for something that has naturally no relation whatever to literature, there is immediately felt the necessity for pretending to a national literature, and literary figures, of cor-

responding distinction. Thus, a generation ago, Germany suddenly became prominent as a first-class commercial and military Power. Her nationalist spirit was immensely stimulated in consequence, and at once it began to exercise pressure upon German critics to make a literature to match. The result was a line of utterly fatuous and demoralizing criticism applied to German literary origins—the "Nibelungenlied" suffered agonies under it—and to the work of German creative artists. Coming nearer home, it is worth while to keep one's eye on the nationalist spirit in Canada, which has been detached and immensely stimulated by the war. Industrially and commercially, Canada is coming on; and her nationalist spirit promptly feels the need of putting forward a show of literary development to correspond. Hence we shall probably soon see some quite fantastic and exaggerated estimates put upon Canadian writers, both of the past and present. No doubt each one of the little Succession States of Europe, if it becomes a bit prosperous, is in for the same sort of thing.

ONE should remember this when one surveys the status of literature in the United States. A world-Power which has quickly risen to great importance in industry, commerce and politics, must have a great literature. If it has none, its critics must be put under the pressure of make-believe in order to create one. If its intellectual life is notably frail and its cultural resources slight, so much the heavier must this pressure be, so much the more imperious the demand that all the geese be called swans. The nationalist self-consciousness, therefore, when applying itself to America's literature and literary figures, has been expressed in the most extraordinary critical antics. Out of it comes the grandiose talk that one is continually hearing about "the great American novel"; out of it comes the incessant preoccupation with American drama and American poetry. No one ever hears a French critic talk about the great French novel or the great coming thing in French drama or poetry. Such pretensions are for the young and inexperienced. The French have been in that line of trade long enough to learn that a nation's bigness and richness does not establish the quality of its literature, and that a nation can not produce a great literature by merely encouraging its critics to assure one another at the top of their voices that it has already done so.

A SAMPLE of the kind of thing I mean turned up last week from a valued correspondent, who says, "These jewels are from a recent review of E. A. Robinson. What can be the background of the writer who has strung them together?—and yet her work appears in the 'best' magazines!" I have not identified this writer, but it appears that she is much captivated by Mr. Robinson's verses; and this is what she says of them: "The closing weeks of 1921 were epochal with the making of this volume. . . . He has cast the web of his spell over the reading public. . . . In 'The Man Against the Sky,' the poet seemed to have attained the top rung; but we did not know our Robinson, for 'Flammande' went just a step further in its power of portraiture and its grip upon our intellectual and moral salients." It would be, probably, one's first impulse to make a wry face at this and toss it aside as a mere ignorant and vulgar extravagance. Such, indeed, strictly speaking, it is; but yet by no means, I believe, does it represent a purposeful, consciously self-assertive eccentricity. It is the estimate of youth—sheer green youth; nor by this do I mean to imply that the writer is herself a young person, for she may be of any age. I mean that she belongs to a nation which has no literary history worth speaking of, which has suddenly become rich and powerful, and which in virtue of its wealth and power has raised a bumptious nationalism to the point of enforcing on its critics an unduly reverent preoccupation with its literary figures.

MY correspondent hit the mark precisely in raising the question, What kind of background must this person have? The answer is, as precisely, None. If she had had any

experience of the general literature of poetry, she would have known that she was giving Mr. Robinson the kind of praise that one properly gives to only about a dozen creative geniuses since the world began. I would not disparage Mr. Robinson, but, as among American poets, he certainly has not anything like the significance for the best reason and spirit of man that Poe has or Whitman; and it would be utterly absurd to say of Poe or Whitman that his period of productivity was epochal. One could not say more of Sophocles or Shakespeare. Just this sort of fustian it was that the nationalist spirit demanded of Germany's critics during her period of expansion, and just this sort it got, because her critics were unguided and unrestrained by an ever-present sense of the best in the world's literature; and thus we are brought back to contemplate the advantage of participating in a literary life that is pervaded by this sense and maintains it against all seductions of the nationalist spirit. To be born into the literature of France, for example, even now when she is in the full swing of nationalism, is in itself a weighty and impressive experience. One comes into Emerson's "feeling of longevity," which continually works against one's own rawness and crudeness, and inculcates tact, measure and proportion into one's literary judgments. When a young enthusiast wrote, quite in the vein of Mr. Robinson's adulator, that "the Lord created Chateaubriand to serve as guide to the universe," Joseph de Maistre remarked, "It is easy to see, my dear young man, that you are only eighteen; when you are forty, I shall be glad to have your opinion." He could say that safely. I wish we could be as sure that in twenty-two years this lady's estimate of Mr. Robinson would be any more respectable than it is now.

JOURNEYMAN.

THE THEATRE.

THE BAT.

It used to be an eagle, but that, too, with a double head. Even then, when Russia was still great and powerful and "respectable," when Russian counts still gambled at Monte Carlo, Russian grand dukes kept concubines in Paris, and Russian revolutionaries drank coffee and smoked cigarettes in the Café Landolt—in Geneva—and in the cafés of all the metropolitan centres of the world—even then Russia had a peculiar, unnatural, incomprehensible symbol: an eagle with two heads. Why two heads? Where will you find such an eagle? What fancy created it? That, too, was something grotesque, a freak of the imagination.

The eagle went: heads, wings, claws and all; and in its place arose another creature, not an imaginary one this time, but an actual, zoologically-acceptable bird, and yet, something fantastic: a bat. The queerest creature in all the world: the body of a rat, a gorgon head that horrifies, and huge wings, larger than those of any other bird; everything without proportion, without purpose, without plan or justification; a caricature, a grotesque parody of heaven and earth. This bat is now the symbol on Russia's banner. It has replaced the eagle, at least to the non-Russian world.

Never has the world taken as much interest in Russia as in the last few years. It is much the same with Russia as with the Jews; its "martyrdom" has made it "popular." Before the destruction of the temple, the Jews played a petty rôle in the world. An insignificant people, living somewhere in the East, a people of queer customs and vast ambitions and pretensions which nobody understood. The Greeks and the Romans simply ignored them. They were "barbarians," no more. It was not until after their dispersion that the Jews became a cultural power; and this, too, only because the "exiles" were not men of the people (for the masses

remained behind and adapted themselves to the new regime); they were the intelligentsia. They, the restless, the discontented, who had lost their all in the catastrophe; they were the ones to scatter over the face of the earth, bearing their resentment, their bitterness and their fantastic hopes withersoever the wind carried them.

This is the fate of the Russian intelligentsia of today. It is scattered everywhere; in Paris and in London, in Prague and in Constantinople, in Berlin and in Belgrade. Russian professors teach in foreign universities, Russian artists sing in the great opera houses, the Russian Ballet dances all over the world, and Russian poets sigh in foreign languages. Dostoevsky was never as popular as he is now, and Russian music, Russian painting, practically dominate the theatre. This spirit of restlessness, this vague something, semi-Oriental, unknown, indefinite, unexpressed; this dreaminess, this hovering between the highest degree of culture and brutality; this lack of rhythm, of symmetry; the sharp angles in the Russian soul; this Karamazov streak; has cast a spell on the Western world. That is the way of the bat—at least so the legends say—to lull its victims to sleep with its huge wings, in order later to suck their blood. The bat becomes a vampire.

I do not know whether Nikita Balieff, this shrewd Armenian, with broad, fat, moon-face, with the smile on the wide mouth, had all this in mind when he founded his "Bat" Theatre years ago. But what a man thinks is of no importance. It is what he does. It may be that he meant it all as a joke; but every joke has its method, its cause, its secret root. Every symbol has its meaning, and Balieff's symbol, too, may have more significance than he himself is aware of. He had it in Russia. His line was not satire, not even caricature. These he left to the "Mirror of Distortion," that remarkable Petrograd theatre, the best caricature theatre in the world. The "Mirror of Distortion" poked fun at everything and everybody, at art and politics, literature and life. Balieff's Bat did not poke fun. It was never satirical. It was only grotesque.

Balieff hit upon a remarkable ruse: to show what the people think, how the people, the Russian people, see the world; what the artists of the people paint on the gaudy-coloured booklets that sell in the market-place, those little books which pedlars sell to the peasants in the villages; the songs the people sing; the colour-concepts of the people; in other words, the culture of the Russian people as it is and not as the intelligentsia conceives it. He took the frontispieces of these booklets, of candy-boxes and match-boxes, and put them on the stage: the same colours, the same poses; fantastic colour-combinations, Asiatic poses; and Russia marvelled! They had seen all this before, but the colours had been blurred, overlaid by the new European culture; they had looked at it and had not seen it. It had been even so with Russian literature. It had one theme: the people. But it did not know the people; and if ever a writer did come close to the people, face to face with them, and saw them as they were, the result was a miserable, pessimistic picture such as Gleb Uspensky paints, or as Ivan Bunin offers. Balieff did not caricature the people. He merely exaggerated somewhat, made the colours slightly thicker, and the result was a grotesque—the bat, half beast, half bird, mysterious, incomprehensible, night-shadowy, with all the possibilities of a vampire.

Russia understood him; and because Balieff knew this, his art had meaning and purpose. He and those who worked with him knew how to keep within their sphere. They felt how far they could go, where art

ends and cheap vaudeville, parody, begins. Balieff himself always kept in touch with the life and society about him, a man-to-man relationship. In his "introductions," his quick-fire, funny, rough-and-tumble remarks, jokes, hints, he has always played upon the moment. He did not need many words: a wink, a shrug of the shoulders, a name, a word, and the audience at once understood him. He only smiled, and the audience laughed. Perhaps Balieff was the most interesting figure in his troupe. He knew what was expected of him and kept within his sphere. He showed the bat-face of Russian culture, but no one feared it because Russia lived in broad daylight; Russia had other symbols, too.

Nikita Balieff in America! The "Bat" on Broadway. No more in Moscow, no longer at one with the entire Russian culture. Plucked out of the live and throbbing world that was its setting. Sheer grotesque, sheer caricature! The tragic mask of Russia! The essence is lost, the spirit evaporated. The colours are even more artificial, more exaggerated, more fantastic than before. It is Russia made into burlesque. Just as in politics, so in literature, so in everything that Russia now is and does, whether at home or abroad in "exile." The world no longer sees the true countenance of Russia. It sees only its caricature. It sees only the Karamazovs or the Balieffs. The old symbol has fallen. The eagle flies no more. Only the bat is to be seen. The tragic pathos of Moscow and the pathetic tragedy of the Russian emigrants—both are lost. The Bolshevism of Moscow is becoming a burlesque, and the exile of the intelligentsia in Paris, London and Berlin, too, is being effaced by pessimism, lack of self-confidence, is losing its purpose, its significance. It is becoming one vast, all-embracing grotesque.

Is this perhaps the way to a new beginning; a kind of prologue, a tragi-comic prologue? Perhaps so; but meanwhile it is still very dark; pitch-black night: the best, the fittest time for bats.

A. CORALNIK.

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS.

WISDOM FROM THE HEIGHTS.

SIRS: President Harding has again given us food for thought. How about the United States setting the world "an example of a commercial nation with an abiding conscience"? After having uttered this, it is hardly surprising that he followed it up by saying, "I wonder if you understand just what I mean by that."

He also says, "I beg to remind you we must always be right at home before we can be very helpful abroad." Does not that remind you of Mr. Dooley's definition of an ambassador? I am, etc.,

L. H. O.

IN DEFENCE OF MR. LUBBOCK.

SIRS: It seems to me that Mr. H. B. Fuller's review of "The Craft of Fiction" by Percy Lubbock in your issue of 3 May does a good book something less than justice. Mr. Fuller in effect accuses the author of deifying Henry James at the expense of Tolstoy, Thackeray, Meredith *et al.* One who is no devotee of Henry James is moved to protest.

In his very title the author implies that his concern is not with the greatness of his exemplars but with their skill. Between the covers of his book the position is explicitly stated. Of "War and Peace" he says: "I wish to examine its form; I do not wish to argue its merit." It is only in one aspect that Henry James is extolled: his skill. Who would quarrel with that? Moreover, though skill or "craft" is his theme, Mr. Lubbock does not make the mistake of overestimating its importance. Throughout the book he shows a warm appreciation of the greater qualities wherever found.

There is a paragraph in the book in which, if I may be permitted to quote part of it, Mr. Lubbock shows for him-

self that he is not hypnotized by the greatness of a single great novelist:

But criticism has been hindered, perhaps, by the fact that these books of Henry James in which the art is written large, are so odd and so personal and so peculiar in all their aspects. When the whole volume is full of a strongly-marked idiosyncrasy, quite unlike that of anyone else, it is difficult to distinguish between this, which is solely the author's, and his method of treating a story, which is a general question, discussible apart.

Mr. Lubbock it appears to me, "distinguishes" better than his reviewer. I am, etc.,

Sollers, Maryland.

HULBERT FOOTNER.

MORE SINNED AGAINST THAN SINNING.

SIRS: I note that you comment, in your issue of 10 May, on the outrages committed upon members of the I. W. W. in California, under that State's "criminal syndicalism" law. This law reads like most similar statutes aimed at controlling the workers and farmers. It prohibits "unlawful violence" in any effort to change the political or economic order. "Lawful violence" is, it seems, still perfectly constitutional, if we are to judge by the acts of the "duly constituted officers of the law" and by the decisions of the courts, Supreme and otherwise.

The shamelessness of the California persecution, however, becomes clear when it is remembered that the great majority of the I. W. W. membership is absolutely opposed to violence of all kinds, proposing to achieve its conquest of economic power solely through the education of the workers and their industrial solidarity. The I. W. W. has less faith in armed action than it has in political action, as a means of organizing industry by and for the producing classes. Many of its members are out-and-out non-resistants, and do not believe in either "lawful" or "unlawful violence."

When one looks over the history of the I. W. W., at all the raw violence that has been visited on its members by the gunmen-armies of the lumber and metal-mining trusts, what one wonders at is not that I. W. W. men have sometimes met violence with violence, but that they have been so patient under years of persecution. I am, etc.,

C. H.

MR. GLIDDEN'S ILLUSTRATIONS.

SIRS: In your issue of 19 April I find a review of my translation of the plays of Edmond Rostand. The comment upon my share of that undertaking was kind—as kind, that is, as it is possible to be in praising workmanship while disparaging the work. Of the illustrations the reviewer says that "the two stately and beautifully-printed volumes" are "marred only by the most preposterous illustrations ever seen even on a box of candies." Mr. Ivan Glidden's better-known work, I believe, has been chiefly in colours. This is, as far as I know, his first essay in two-tone illustration. These pictures may be as full of faults as they are of promise; that I must leave to critics of art. But they are illustrations that illustrate. Of that I feel qualified to judge; and it seems worthy of comment at a time when so many illustrations illustrate nothing but why authors go insane.

Mr. Glidden has shown, in these pictures, a sensitive understanding of the periods represented. The suggestion of likeness to the great actress who created the parts of The Woman of Samaria and the Eaglet indicates, without insistence, familiarity with the history of the plays. Above all, the detail shows insight into the spirit of Rostand's pure poetry; the two white butterflies on the famous Wall, no less than the Watteau figures of Percinet and Sylvette; and for The Woman of Samaria, the outstretched Hand. The sunrise scene in "Chanticleer"—the tiny Cock, all dark against the light to which his cry is yearning—is illustrated by Mr. Glidden in the very mood of that incomparable poem of the dawn.

Possibly it is not invidious to suggest that it may be because of the artist's sympathy with the author that a reviewer who thinks of Edmond Rostand primarily as a "best-seller," should find these illustrations less to his liking than those on a box of candies. I am, etc.,

Kingston, Washington. HENDERSON DAINGERFIELD NORMAN.

THE OLD ORDER CHANGETH.

SIRS: I do not know any more about "The Hairy Ape" than I could learn from a casual reading of many reviews and a swift and vagrant reading of the play-manuscript; nevertheless I have to protest when Mr. Louis Baury, in the *Freeman* of 3 May, hurls his Sardouesque cannon balls at Mr. O'Neill. Under Mr. Baury's "which is to say, there is no drama" and his scorn of "new forms" lurks the old familiar shadow of

the "well-made play, structure, the drama," and all the other colour-sergeants of a time when life, reproduced as art, was always measured off in leagues and square miles like a military campaign. Mr. Baury still writes as if there were some fundamental rule for conveying ideas and emotions to an audience, and as if, no matter how successfully this process might be accomplished, there could be "no drama" if the net result would not fit into some phantom category which separates a "play" from mere "declamation."

If anything has happened in the theatre at all during the last fifty years, it is the discovery that drama in our time has very little to do with form and a great deal to do with substance. So many things have happened to break and finally destroy the rim which bound our own individual and collective lives into smooth-flowing ways, that we have in considerable measure lost the sense that our competition with life, our conflict—our drama—exists in any large and comprehensive arc. Manicured perfection of form is the last thing we are looking for; in fact the smooth banalities of well-made things, their perfect rise and fall, are repugnant to our sense of the reality around us, and threaten our sense of survival in a highly imperfect world. All this seems so self-evident to me, and assuredly is so obvious in the most recent forms of the novel, that I am timid about reproaching Mr. Baury with his forgetfulness of a Russian drama which has been in the making so long that it can no longer be called new, and of the modern German theatre.

Perhaps I am speaking with more zeal than the occasion warrants. I am still engaged in making for a large and insensitive audience a kind of entertainment which amply qualifies for the distinction of the "well-made play," and I find that an intense preoccupation with this perfection of form in the movies subjects me to long lapses of exhaustion. The movies are just now entering the period, so far as structure is concerned, which engaged the activity of the theatre fifty years ago, and the proper spacing of action, of *tempo*, of climaxes, of drama, which now marks them should more than satisfy Mr. Baury. But the sudden successful appeal now and then of some motion-picture which bears no marks of Aristotelian authority leads me to wonder if perhaps the thirty million would like to have their stories told with less "structure."

Perhaps Mr. Baury will in turn reproach me with being merely pragmatic in my aesthetic conception. Certainly "The Hairy Ape" has found for itself a form sufficiently effective to reach some people, though Mr. Baury himself remains coolly critical. It will be hard for those who found it interesting and effective to believe that there are any "responsibilities which the writing of serious drama entails." The artist has no responsibilities of any kind, and the minute he begins to believe he has, he leaves off seeing into life in that peculiar, irresponsible way which has always marked him, and starts inventing forms and "structures," to make up for his failing imagination—and to carry the heavy load of his responsibility. I am, etc.,

Culver City, California.

RALPH BLOCK.

NO MORE CEREMONIAL.

SIRS: Secretary Hoover, in his address delivered before the International Chamber of Commerce at Washington on 15 May, made the statement that the blockade against Russia, originally "imposed as a war-measure against the co-operation with Germany" and continued for a long time thereafter, has in no way contributed to the present economic troubles of Russia. He maintains that "during the last two years there has been no ban on a merchant's sending in his goods" to Russia. He makes light of the demand for recognition of the Soviet Government; to him it would merely amount to establishing a Soviet ambassador in Washington.

Mr. Hoover takes no notice of the fact that commercial relations between Russia and the United States are impossible as long as the present Russian Government has no standing in our courts. A case in point is that of the Russian Socialist Federated Government v. Cibrario, 191 N. Y. S. 543. This case made quite a sensation in the press a few months ago. In the spring of 1918, at the time when Mr. Wilson was sending greetings to the All-Russian Congress of the Soviets then in session at Moscow, the commercial attaché of the United States Government at Moscow found himself without funds. The Soviet Government loaned him a million dollars with the understanding that this money was to be used for the purchase of motion-picture films for the Commissariat of Education of the Russian Socialist Federated Soviet Republic. An understanding in writing was reached between the representatives of the Russian Government and the American

commercial attaché, under the terms of which the money was to be deposited in a reputable American bank; the purchasing of the films was to be done by an agent of an American firm, one Cibrario, who was to be paid out of that deposit upon presentation of bills of lading from reputable film-producing concerns; the whole transaction was to be under the supervision of the American official. By the time, however, that the latter returned to the United States, the policy at Washington had changed. Through the carelessness of the American official who had been entrusted by the Russian Government with the million dollars, Cibrario was enabled to draw the money from the National City Bank upon faked bills of lading signed by impecunious concerns incorporated by Cibrario himself. Last year the Soviet Government, through its attorney in New York, brought an action against Cibrario for the recovery of the money, but the courts held that as long as the Soviet Government has not been recognized by the Government of the United States, it can not maintain an action in American courts. How can Russia buy goods from the United States as long as American courts refuse to protect its contract rights?

Moreover, no American merchant can ship his goods to Russia, as long as Russia can not remit money to the United States. There was a time, not very long ago, when the Federal Reserve Board forbade American banks to transact business with the banks of Reval, which was at that time the centre of commercial relations between Russia and foreign countries. The United States Assay Office refused to accept Russian gold. Up to the present day Government funds which might be sent by the Russian Commissariat of Foreign Trade to the United States would be liable to seizure upon an action of some holder of the Tsar's bonds. It is one of the peculiarities of our judge-made law that while Russia may not appear as a plaintiff in the American courts she may be brought into court as a defendant. This is not mere speculation; it is so stated in an opinion by one of the judges of the New York Supreme Court. As long as Russia can send no goods or gold to the United States, it is evident that no American merchant can sell his goods to Russia except in a roundabout way, through the medium of some European broker.

Mr. Hoover lays great stress upon the break-down of the Russian transportation-system. Mr. Walter Lippman, in an article which appeared in the *World* of 14 May also emphasized that point, showing that the Russian railways have been incapable of transporting all the supplies sent by the American Relief Administration. This is an undeniable fact, but the difficulty could easily have been solved by shipping locomotives and cars for the purpose of restoring the Russian transportation-system. Indeed, two years ago Mr. Martens, then representative of the Soviet Government in the United States, attempted to buy railway rolling stock which was being offered for sale by the War Department, but Mr. Baker put his veto on the proposition.

The Soviet Government could forgo the honour of having its representative participate in the official functions at Washington. Unfortunately, recognition is not a mere ceremonial affair. Without recognition Russia is, in effect, excluded from the American market. I am, etc.,

New York City.

ISAAC A. HOURWICH.

BOOKS.

THE CROCEAN DANTE.

FACE to face with Dante's poetry,¹ Benedetto Croce shows himself no less hard-headed and self-sufficing than is his wont. The ideas of other writers are swept aside; and thus the field is left clear for the operation of fitting Dante to the Procrustean bed of the Crocean philosophy. Considerable portions of Dante himself disappear in the process. The "Vita Nuova" becomes but a little book of private devotion, a young piece of 'prentice-work that has no significant relationship to that major work, the "Divine Comedy." The allegorical features of the "Comedy" itself belong, in the terminology of the Crocean system to the sphere of "practical activity," and, however characteristic of their period, are dismissed as a mere clog on the "poetry." The historical aspects of the "Comedy" are permitted to remain only in a sort of hyphenated connexion with

¹ "The Poetry of Dante," Benedetto Croce. Translated by Douglas Ainslee. New York: Henry Holt & Company. \$2.00.

the æsthetic aspects: thirteenth-century conditions, indeed, provide the medium for the poet's functionings, but the functionings themselves fall to the artistic side of any "historico-æsthetic" interpretation. Philosophy and politics join the general exodus. Even the vaunted structure of the "Comedy" is pushed back into a secondary place, a convenient framework for the more essential. What, then, remains? The poetry.

The sufficing essence of this is "lyricism." Art is conceived as a lyrical intuition. But the lyricism resulting is not merely a kind of poetry; it is poetry itself. Nor is lyricism poetry alone; it is all art, whether painting, architecture, sculpture, or music. There are thus "no fixed boundaries between the arts"—a pronouncement calculated to leave the Laocoöns, great or less, gasping. Lyricism is, then, the one thing needful: no wonder that many elements hitherto held to be essential are made secondary or superfluous.

Have you been accustomed to luxuriate in the architectonics of the "Comedy" as among those of a Gothic cathedral? Vain! vain! Rather must we regard them in the mere light of practical necessities, while we go in search of the poetry elsewhere. Whither? Why, to the *terza rima*. "Undoubtedly the Dante of the 'Divine Comedy' was born in the *terzina*: in it and through it alone he lived the dream of his soul." The old, old contest between form and matter, in another shape.

Croce frowns on all attempts to find the essence of an art in its abstract form. He pronounces every effort made to convert structural reasons into artistic reasons, a sterile waste of intelligence. Yet many artists, in many different fields, have tried, with whatever discrepancy between reach and grasp, to master form as a *sine qua non*, as the fundamental essential; seeing in the very existence of form a demonstration and manifestation of creative force. Let them retire: form is but a poor assemblage of bones and flesh for the housing of "the Spirit." The vase is held together by its glaze. Here the practical artist, if endowed with any intellectual force (however scantily equipped he may be for engaging in the polemical philosophy of æsthetics), bows and wonders.

If his activities rest rather on an emotional and pragmatic basis, he may find more to say for the Crocean theory. Doubtless a composer sometimes reaches a workable idea by fumbling at random over the keyboard, or a painter hits upon a conception by scrutinizing the colour-dabs on a full-set palette. But one need not credit or debit such a procedure to an intellect of exceptional power and reach which exercised itself on one great work through twenty years. The *terza rima* may sometimes impose a poetical aspect upon the drier and more mechanical portions of the "Comedy"; but we shall hesitate to maintain that the details of an edifice determine the ground-plan.

Croce, after some consideration, succumbs to the Latin liking for labels, and classes the "Comedy" as a theological romance; and Dante's doctrines are only the libretto upon which he composes his music. Yet why trouble about a label? Croce but succeeds Goethe, who insisted on the necessity of ascertaining the poet's real aim and of determining how successfully he had reached it; and Coleridge, who hinted intuitively at an extension of the idea when he said, in a particular instance, that thoroughly to understand the poet it was needed practically to become that poet. Such early ideas culminate in Croce's own conception that every work of art is an organism governed solely by its own law, and in his approval of the suggestion that the "Divine Comedy" might well have been called "The Dantedid." When, on top of this, he leads æsthetic

thought from the conception that "art is expression" to the conclusion that "all expression is art"; and when his chief American interpreter adds that "taste must reproduce the work of art within itself in order to understand and judge it," the need of a ticket (especially of so circumscribed a ticket) seems slight. We may recall, too, that while Scaliger was imposing a docile submission to Aristotle, Aretino, boldly masculine (however much the blackguard) was declaring that there was no rule for a work of art save the whim of genius. An extreme opinion; yet a work of art should be self-organized and propelled from within.

It has been objected that Croce, in his "Æsthetics," has endeavoured to confine the definition of "art" to what is but one of its many qualities, and has seemed disposed to make the words "art" and "æsthetics" synonymous. Æsthetic value, in literature, is not the only one worthy of consideration. In this art there really are gradations: the graceful, one thing, the sublime another—though, measured by Croce's æsthetic standard, Phillida and Julia are either nothings or else the equals of Beatrice herself. One welcomes the idea put forth by Mr. Murry in "The Problem of Style." There is a hierarchy, and precedence depends upon the ability of the writer, in his maturity, to give to the particular the weight and force of the universal; and this ability depends upon the comprehensiveness of his systematization of thought and emotion into a self-contained and persisting whole.

This volume was prepared in 1920, in anticipation of the Dante sexcentenary. A good half of the book consists of a running account of the three divisions of the "Comedy," with less philosophical stress than might be looked for. A concluding chapter reviews the centuries of Dantean criticism. The sort of glance which M. Croce casts upon his predecessors is to be anticipated from certain passages of his introduction. If he is found to be considering the poetry of Dante apart from its allegories, doctrines and general erudition, we are not to tax him with running counter to an author who may have wished to be viewed and judged according to the æsthetic theory he had received from the Middle Ages. We are asked to remember that Dante the poet is one matter, and Dante the critic another; that the act of poetic creation and the act of philosophic reflection are two different things, and that the poetry of Dante must be treated, not according to Dante but according to truth—just as Plato is to be treated, not according to his own philosophy, but according to what is the new truth of philosophy, and just as Homer is to be treated, not according to the slightly-known poetic theories of his contemporaries, but according to the eternal principles of poetry. The æsthetics and the criticism which Dante practised in the ways then possible, were his affair, says our author: what we practise should be our affair.

Croce gets his first critical satisfaction from Vico, who, about 1725, was practising, as I suppose I may say, roughly, the inductive method of Bacon; using it not on the new facts of the physical world (which were inaccessible to him) but on the older facts of the social world. Vico proclaimed that the correct way of commenting on Dante was to give a clear account of the things, facts, and persons he describes, to comprehend his sentiments by entering into the spirit of them, and to put aside all moral and scientific knowledge for a concentration on the beauty of his poetic utterance. A novel standpoint, for that period. Croce's latest satisfaction comes from Vossler, in our own day. Vossler, full of drastic moments and informed by a self-confident spirit, seems to address Croce's own spirit

with some potency: his work is pronounced excellent in nearly all its premises and rich in well-considered judgments. As for most of the commentators who come between—well, *guarda e passa*; but Croce is not silent on the way! In view of the application of his new method to this old matter, he has made, as he feels, most of his predecessors superfluous; silence might really have sufficed. Yet Croce, as a true Italian, tends to value the definite, the expressed, just as he tends to indulge the sensuous. Well, nothing is final. Needs and methods and fashions change. Some electric critic of the future may lay Dante's abundant material along a different axis. Meanwhile, Croce's is the latest method and the latest word.

HENRY B. FULLER.

THE SPIRIT OF SENECA FALLS.

THE life of Elizabeth Cady Stanton¹ was not without resemblance to that of Queen Victoria. With all due respect for the rebel of Seneca Falls, the two women had much in common. In their amazing energy, their non-chalant maternity, their selection of worthy and well-descended consorts, their preoccupation with political affairs, they were not dissimilar. The analogy, however, only serves to point the contrast. Splendid examples both of the matriarchal type, they had nothing else in common. All the humour, chivalry, and intellect which the English Queen lacked was abundantly bestowed upon the American feminist. Under a matriarchate, Elizabeth Cady Stanton would have been the greatest mother of them all; but, born as she was under the patriarchal order, she became one of the most brilliant opposition leaders in all history.

Elizabeth Cady Stanton was born of a substantial up-State family in 1815 and lived to see the century out. Her father was a Supreme Court Judge with a peculiar faculty for procreating daughters. His only son died early and, for many months afterwards, the poor foolish man would go to the boy's grave at the twilight hour and prostrate himself upon it. The little girl who accompanied him and witnessed these transports of grief was painfully impressed by them; all the more so because the Judge was extremely undemonstrative towards the five female children who remained to him. She could not understand that the great man was simply silly, and so she gradually accumulated a passionate resentment against his unjust attitude.

At twenty-five, she married Henry Brewster Stanton, a descendant of the Puritan elder. This was not a dazzling distinction in the eyes of Elizabeth Cady, who was not much impressed by Puritanism or any other form of clericalism: in later years, she was one of the few who preferred Bradlaugh to Beecher. Stanton, however, was a leading abolitionist and was chosen as delegate to the World's Anti-slavery Convention held in London in 1840. This was too much for Elizabeth Cady of Johnstown, New York, as it would have been for any girl of spirit, avid to see the world. She had broken her engagement after a period of indecision, but now renewed it instantly. "We did not wish the ocean to roll between us," she writes in her autobiography, which is one way of putting it. Haste was necessary. She was married on Friday by a ceremony from which the word "obey" was omitted, and sailed on Monday. On this eventful journey she met Lucretia Mott and shared with her the indignity of being excluded from the convention floor on grounds of sex—a historic piece of tactlessness to which we owe the Anglo-American movement for women's political equality.

In Seneca Falls, Mrs. Stanton lived for sixteen years, bore a large family of children, and with a few kindred spirits formed the first woman's rights organization in this country. The aftermath of the London affair was a convention which put the village in which Mrs. Stanton happened to live on the revolutionary map of 1848. This was soon followed by her alliance with Susan B. Anthony and the beginning of their life-long struggle against repressive

laws and conventions affecting women. They wanted bloomers, they wanted divorce, they wanted the franchise, they wanted equal pay, they wanted jobs. They stopped at nothing, until the Civil War came along and put an end to their unseemly practice of public self-expression. Twelve years of lecturing at lyceums through the West, followed by several trips to Europe, and a ceaseless heckling of Congress and Legislatures filled up an existence that would have made the timid old Johnstown Judge dizzy to contemplate. "There were but two places in which he felt at ease—in the court house and at his own fireside." His daughter ranged easily from Kansas to Paris, from Oklahoma lyceums to London clubs, from Mormon wives to Lady Wilde, and was always perfectly at home wherever she went. "Look well at this woman," said Björnsterne Björnson to his daughter in a Paris salon, "for she is one of the most famous in America."

The relation of Mrs. Stanton to the special cause of suffrage is an ironic bit of history. In 1848 it was she who introduced the demand for the vote, while her friends still doubted whether woman's rights should go so far as this. Her pet resolution was the one on which the most violent and offensive criticism focused. Yet curiously enough, as the century developed, the suffrage issue became comparatively safe and sane. One by one the other feminist demands were abandoned in favour of the isolated struggle for the franchise. In 1899, when the *Twilight of the Gods* had settled on the suffrage cause, Elizabeth Cady Stanton wrote:

At the inauguration of our movement, we numbered in our Declaration of Rights eighteen grievances covering the whole range of human experience. On none of these did we talk with bated breath. Note the radical claims we made and think how the world responded. . . . But at present our association has so narrowed its platform for reasons of policy and propriety that our conventions have ceased to point the way.

Her lament was well-founded. The repudiation of Mrs. Stanton's Bible by the national suffrage-organization was pathetic proof that she was right. Like many other brilliant persons, including Thomas Jefferson and Bernard Shaw, Mrs. Stanton had found in the Bible a favourite plaything for her advancing years. She published a *Woman's Bible* which was denounced by the newspapers as flippant and irreverent and gave occasion to numerous cub reporters to remind the suffrage leader that she was old enough to know better. Mrs. Stanton was quite accustomed, however, to receive gratuitous advice from journalists and was entirely capable of handling it.

Theodore Tilton told me [she wrote to Miss Anthony], that in writing for the paper he wished I would be careful not to shock those good Baptists and to say nothing on divorce, but to be 'spicy and brilliant on some pleasant topics.' Greeley offered me the columns of the *Tribune* in the same way. I am very busy reading, and writing my speeches, and I have no time to prepare articles nor any desire to submit my ideas to the pruning-knife of youngsters.

But it must have seemed quite another matter to be censored by her own flock, the suffragists, now the official guardians of a cause of which in 1848 she had been the solitary champion. Although Miss Anthony made heroic efforts to save them from their folly, they passed a solemn resolution clearing themselves of all responsibility for the *Woman's Bible*. One can only hope that, for their sins, some of those who voted for this pious resolution have lived long enough to pay good money in 1922 for the privilege of applauding the irreverences and flippancies of Shaw's *Methuselah*.

The two volumes of memoirs will aid considerably in the preservation of a rare and gallant personality. The first volume is the reprint of an autobiography published in 1898 with the title of "Eighty Years and More." Written for the public, it is more sedate in expression and also more sentimental than the second volume, which is made up from diaries and letters and gives one an insight into the more intimate side of Elizabeth Cady Stanton. Two pictures especially stand out from the series as characteristic of a nature in which tenderness and aggressiveness were subtly combined. The first is that of a young

¹ "Elizabeth Cady Stanton: As Revealed in Her Letters, Diary and Reminiscences." Edited by Theodore Stanton and Harriet Stanton Blatch. 2 vols. New York: Harper and Brothers. \$6.00.

mother who writes, "I feel guilty when I have a sick child"; the second is that of a grey-haired woman in England rushing hotly to the defence of Parnell against the "canting saints" who had set out to hound him from public life. "Instead of hounding men," she suggested, "emancipate women from all forms of bondage. But so long as women are slaves, men will be knaves." It was her instinct to defeat the gravediggers in whatever form they appeared upon the human scene. She had a womanly respect for human life and human spirit which made her one of those unwomanly women who helped to make the nineteenth century great. KATHARINE ANTHONY.

HEAD AND FOOTSTONE.

If you entered Middletown by rail fifty years ago . . . you found yourself facing a well-populated graveyard. . . . Two of us boys, that July morning, coming . . . for our entrance-examinations, were a bit startled by that greeting; but as we walked up a few steps to Main Street, we saw at the first corner another graveyard. . . . A little farther on, turning up the old street toward the college, we caught a glimpse of another cemetery and farther on, quite on the top of the hill, appeared a fifth. I said to the chum with me, 'George, if we get out of this town alive, it will evidently be more than most people have done!'

This early incident in Professor Winchester's life¹ is, as he said himself, a bit of "unconscious prophecy." Similarly, Mr. Otto A. Rothert in his work on Madison Cawein² seems impressed not so much by the fact that the man has lived as that he is dead. In the five-hundred and-fifty-page-long course of this dreary tome, Cawein dies and dies again a dozen times without a single resurrection:

Now he is gone, Poesy stands beside his grave with a wreath of immortelles. Nature in mourning garb murmurs a requiem. His sorrowing wife and little son have lost a devoted husband and father. The world has lost a poet.

To such lyric heights, to such depths of feeling Mr. Rothert recurs again and again. In the same taste, although in a degree less marked, Father Tabb's niece takes delight in extra-illustrating a biography³ of her uncle with *memento mori*; and the fly-page of the memorial to Professor Winchester is bordered with deep black. It is not for the sophisticated to sneer because the exhaustive lists of pallbearers and honorary pallbearers at these three provincial funerals contain but few familiar names. Much that passes for "highbrow" reading in the capitals of the world contains little more matter than the snatch of nursery jingle: "There were present at the wedding, the Popolilies and the Gerialilies, and the Great Panjandrum himself, with a little round button on top." The apparent value of such chatter depends on the social status of the personages, and whether the gossip is of Louisville, Kentucky, or Transcendental Boston, Mrs. Aldrich's Boston or the London of Mr. Blunt. It can only be said that Miss Tabb recounts not a single anecdote of any value about her uncle, although his was an acute personality. As for the gossip of Virginia and Romanist Baltimore with which she regales us, it is, like the snobbery of Madison Cawein's Louisville, so remote from the "centre" that it has for the general reader no meaning at all.

Of the three notables in question, two were poets and two were teachers, two were Southern, two were Protestant. Between the years 1887-1909, all three of them could have read one another's works. Professor Winchester assumed the task of grafting culture (that is to say, rhetoric and aesthetics) on the sour limb of his sectarian Alma Mater. Father Tabb, a more interesting figure, also taught English all his life, and in a seminary founded by the Carrolls of Carrollton. The priest was blissfully indifferent to his reputation as a poet; and with the bitterness of a good rebel never stirred from Dixie. He published only a few books, and these not rigorously edited; but his poetry had its flavour, and became particularly

touching when, towards the end of his life, he went blind. A great punster, he would not have objected to a reviewer's remarking that he was doomed to be *tabbed* in his biography with the hideous appellation "poet-priest," because, being caught in an eddy of the Oxford movement, he made his submission to the then just recently infallible Papacy. Although he was thus saved from the religious famine which reduced the spiritual vigour of our land, Father Tabb was not immune from the plague of pantheistic nature-worship which vitiated the poetry of his generation. Both he and Cawein were nature-poets whose favourite verb was "to seem." Among the number of those whose stylistic mannerisms made inevitable the rise of the free school of verse, they were as uninfluenced by Whitman as they were idolatrous of Poe and Tennyson. It is indicative of their respective characters that while Tabb was a friend of Lanier, Cawein—partly, as he avers, for business reasons—was acquainted with James Whitcomb Riley.

Miss Tabb has not published her uncle's correspondence, because "he disliked the thought that any of his personal letters should be given to the public." Tantalizing deprivation, for the "poet of short metre" was the "correspondent of telegraphic brevity." This brevity alone entitles the correspondence to publication. Deprivation more tantalizing, as the few examples that are given are like nothing so much as the proto-Dada letters of Edward Lear.

Cawein's was the epoch of quantitative standards, and it is therefore fitting that he should have "published a greater number of poems than did any other American." Indeed, a photograph of his complete works looks like an advertisement of the "Encyclopædia Britannica." Touches of ailing syntax betray the fact that his poetic diction, the habit of inversion against which he struggled, came less from a straining for rhyme and music than from an inherent inability to handle English. Behind this Tennysonian stands a Middle-Western Deutscher. Needless to say, Mr. Otto Rothert suppresses the hyphen. Cawein spent much energy nursing along his reputation by making excursions into the hypercritical North of Howells—"promoting his art," his biographer calls it. His artistic attitude is betrayed in one of his letters: "What between poetry and the stock-market I have no time left for pleasure."

The distasteful tone of respectability that Mr. Rothert imports into the book would seem to come by direct succession from the poet himself, for we learn from his letters, which portray the man, not by any distinction which is theirs but rather by their very drabness, that when he was a young man he felt it a disgrace to work in a gambling hell. It was not the proper atmosphere for a poet, although it *was* patronized by all the best people in Kentucky. So he left the place, gambling thenceforward only on the stock-market. It is natural and fitting for a post-Tennysonian to dislike free verse, but Cawein in several of his letters said in so many words that he opposed the school because he considered their youth a personal effrontery and their critical judgment a financial menace. But it was not free verse that got him at the last; it was the stock-market. We are told that, at the request of the Literary Club of Louisville, the Board of Park Commissioners christened with the poet's name a wild, windy path in Iroquois Park and a towering oak which was his favourite tree. And since that time, under the leadership of Mr. Rube Post Halleck and Miss Ethel Allen Murphey, leader of the Lyric Club of the Girls' High School, a pilgrimage has been made every year, in September, over the Cawein paths. Think of those miserable schoolgirls tramping through the park! Think of teachers so ignorant of the limitations of literary pilgrimage! Then turn from both in impotent despair, and gaze at the endless vista of Ph.D.'s browsing through the letters, documents, data, and recollections yet to be deposited with the Fulston Club in response to the Secretary's request for "more." For it is his monumental conception to "present a complete biography in the form of a source-book, giving every item of a collection of Cawein material for the benefit of persons who desire to do research work."

¹ "A Memorial to Caleb Thomas Winchester." Middletown, Connecticut: Wesleyan University. \$1.50.

² "The Story of a Poet: Madison Cawein." Otto A. Rothert. Louisville, Kentucky: John P. Morton & Co., Inc. \$6.00.

³ "Father Tabb, His Life and Work: A Memorial." Jessie Masters Tabb. Boston: The Stratford Company. \$1.50.

It is indeed with the hushed, the browbeaten spirit induced by the very mention of such words as "source-book," "archives," "research work" that the reviewer should approach this formidable volume. We find, for instance, a "pictography of Madison Cawein as seen through sixty-three half-tone reproductions of photographs, paintings, and documents bearing on his life and works which, with their explanatory texts, present a brief biography of the poet." These portraits differ, like tonic advertisements, only in the poet's progressive loss of hair: we have Cawein when he published his first book and grew side-burns, Cawein in the woods—caption: "Madison Cawein spent much of his time in the heart of nature." Madison Cawein and his son. Madison Cawein in a beech-grove—caption: "Sometimes Cawein wandered alone through the beech-groves, over the fields, and along the streams in the Brownsboro country, and sometimes he was accompanied by the Babbitts and other friends." Madison Cawein with a handkerchief sticking out of his pocket. The poet in his study—caption informing us of his "international reputation." Miss Tabb, like the widow with one ewe, has but a single picture of her uncle as a boy. Cawein is immortalized by four. (Erasmus records that the total number of authentic skulls of John the Baptist were only two.) Longfellow, unlike Byron, has a bust in Poet's Corner. "Cawein was buried from the First Unitarian Church, Fourth and York Streets. Opposite that Church stands the Louisville Free Public Library where the poet spent many hours reading books and magazines." The compiler has deprived the world of a list of these books and magazines; but we have as a sop two facsimiles of the commencement-programme of the Louisville Male High School (which structure has, doubtless, some fig-leaves over the doorway). And when we consider that, according to Herodotus, only seven cities claimed to be the birthplace of Homer, we can see in this book, from the numberless pictures of houses in which Cawein lived at one time or another, what a singularly gifted poet this gifted poet must be. Oh, the stylistic desert which is biography! Oh, the indefatigable industry of all those who are afflicted with the Ph.D. mania! Oh, *lascivia scienti*! Oh, that the dead can not bury their dead! Oh, Nemesis of fame! What crimes, O Boswell . . . but again the magic words, "source-book," "archives," "research work" sound in the reviewer's ears, and he is still.

JOHN BROOKS WHEELWRIGHT.

SHORTER NOTICES.

For the art of parody, a nice and far from common blend of talents is requisite. It is not enough to be merely a critic of literature, with keenness and detachment; one needs to be a practitioner, steeped in its traditions and familiar with its tools. Mr. Louis Untermeyer¹ can turn from the serious side of criticism or creative writing, and with the mental vigour and the agility that springs from a diametrically contrasted mood, pinion his contemporaries in delicate burlesque. Mr. Untermeyer is at his best, perhaps, in his parodies of the poets, but his skill is by no means restricted to that field. When he turns to George Moore, he mimics the purring, feline grace of the Irishman's prose with devastating precision, while his delightful medley of the American realists, in "The Heaven of Mean Streets," leaves that school of fiction bobbing like a cork in a mill-race. His consideration of the various literary heavens is an intricate piece of imaginative fooling, although the cream of the book is to be found in the parodies of various poets upon the theme of relativity.

L. B.

POPULARIZERS of science should be poets. How otherwise may the wayfaring man come to know that the man with the microscope, the telescope, the logarithm, peers into a realm that is vaster and more harmonious than any that his own more limited inferences allow him to suspect? For the scientist all sorts of possibilities invite scrutiny, and the unknown is both more mysterious and more provoking than it is for the rest of us; and to help us over this abyss between the sublimer world of research and our own dusty commonplace one, we need some interpreter who can impart not information merely, but some sense of the magnitude and significance of that other

world. No one else can really "bring biology into the everyday life of the business man and the social worker." Such a poet Mr. W. M. Smallwood is not; and we close his book¹ feeling that if *this* be biology, then did Huxley not live and this our faith is vain. Surely it is not too much to expect that even the most elementary information should be charged and vital, and presented with something of a glow. Even in the matter of clarity, "Man, the Animal," simple as it is, is hardly easier reading than biologists of genuine originality and flavour, like Osborn, Holmes and Morgan.

G. B. K.

A REVIEWER'S NOTEBOOK.

SEVERAL months ago, wishing to find an English translation of Goethe's "Conversations" for a friend who does not read German easily, I was surprised to find that none was to be had. I knew that the excellent translation of Mr. Oxenford had been on the market quite recently in the Bohn edition—my own copy bears the date of 1909—so I thought that a second-hand copy might be found without trouble. I accordingly put an advertisement in the *Publishers' Weekly*, and after a long time I got two replies, one from Edinburgh and one from Glasgow! I took up both offers, and the Glasgow dealer sent me Oxenford's translation, while from Edinburgh I got the earlier American translation of Mrs. Margaret Fuller, which was brought out almost a century ago as one of a series of translations done under the editorship of George Ripley, literary editor of the *New York Tribune*. I cite this experience as fair evidence that even the best of Goethe's critical work is none too easily accessible to the English reader. This is a pity, because the study of German has been so much discouraged of late that there is probably very little chance for the "Conversations" in the original to reach those of us who would most appreciate it and be benefited by it; and on the other hand, Mr. Oxenford's translation is so good that it serves for us every practical purpose of the original.

WE all know Goethe as a creative artist, and it is undoubtedly a great thing thus to know him and to delight ourselves in him. As a creative artist he is a figure of immense importance. Yet I hope the worshippers of Goethe will not misunderstand me when I say that for this time and for us, it is not by this side of his literary activity that Goethe can be most profitably approached. I do not raise the question whether Goethe was greater as a critic or as a creative artist. The question is merely of the special service he can render at the present time and in the present circumstances of culture in the United States; and beyond all question, the service which he can render as a critic is immeasurably more valuable than the service which he can render as a creative artist. Let me give an illustration to show how purely relative is my conception of the matter. I am a good Wordsworthian; I can read with pleasure all, or almost all, of Wordsworth's creative work. Yet of a forced choice, I would give up every line of Wordsworth's poetry and keep the few pages of his Prefaces, quite without regard to the academic question whether Wordsworth is actually greater as a poet or as a critic. In another age and under other circumstances of general culture, one would do otherwise; but here and now, it would be the part of wisdom to do as I have said. So also, if Goethe were a poet like Dante, a dramatist like Sophocles and a novelist like Cervantes and withal a critic only one-third as great as he is he would still be far more useful to us as a critic than as a creative artist.

SOME notion of this sort seems to be in the mind of Mr. Spingarn, though by no means as strong and clear as I wish it were, and to have prompted him to put out a little anthology of Goethe's literary essays.² He has made selections from the early work of Goethe as a young

¹ "Man, the Animal." W. M. Smallwood. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$2.50.

² "Goethe's Literary Essays; a Selection in English." Arranged by J. E. Spingarn. With a foreword by Viscount Haldane. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Co. \$2.00.

¹ "Heavens." Louis Untermeyer. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. \$1.75.

reviewer of books in 1772, on through to his latest observations on literature, sixty years afterward, and ending with a few pages from the "Conversations with Eckermann and Soret." Mr. Spingarn has arranged his contents in categories, putting first the selections which bear upon the theory of art; then those bearing upon the theory of literature; then those upon Shakespeare; then those upon other writers, Molière, Sterne, Byron, Calderón. Lord Haldane contributes a preface, and the compiler adds a competent chronology, and a few words explaining the circumstances under which the book was projected and carried on. The translation is in part borrowed from standard versions, and in part done by the compiler and his associates; and it is exceedingly good. One has difficulty in getting away from the notion that Mr. Spingarn's work was meant for a textbook. It was not so meant; that is clear from Mr. Spingarn's explanation: but the purpose that guides it seems to be that which guides the preparation of textbooks. Its central idea, as well as its apparatus of categories and chronology, seems to squint towards the examination-room. One can imagine a student, required to get up a good general notion of Goethe's critical activity, required also to meet the examiner's question, "State the views of Goethe upon So-and-so"—one can imagine him sitting down to Mr. Spingarn's book as something made to his hand, and getting from it precisely what he needs in order to pass with flying colours.

THIS is an excellent service and Mr. Spingarn has done it admirably; so admirably indeed that one is by no means looking a gift horse in the mouth, but quite the opposite, in suggesting that it has made Mr. Spingarn the logical candidate for performing another service that is much more needed. I mean the re-editing and re-issuing of the "Conversations," with an introduction which should show even more distinctly than the introduction to his present volume shows, that he has in mind a definite purpose and a definite order of readers. The fact which Mr. Spingarn is facing as an amateur of the best that has been thought and said in the world, is this: There are all over the land many people more or less occupied with literature—essayists, dramatists, writers of verse and fiction, reviewers, editors, critics, teachers and so on—who feel themselves required, some of them being professionally required, to form critical judgments; and most of them are making rather sorry work of it. By way of accounting for this, I think Mr. Spingarn would be willing to believe that they do not know the classics of their trade; or if they do know them, they do not know them in such a way as to acquire from those classics themselves a competent sense of what to do with them. For instance, among the multitudes of masters and doctors who have "specialized in English," Mr. Spingarn is doubtless as well aware as I am of the existence of that immense majority who may be put down as knowing all about English except two things—how to speak it and how to write it. In like manner, many who have had a formal introduction to the classics of criticism show plainly that they have not the faintest idea of how to proceed in order to make something out of their acquaintance.

OF these classics, Goethe is one; and the introduction given by Mr. Spingarn's anthology shows him to be such. For the purpose which Mr. Spingarn had in mind, moreover, and for the one which I have just suggested, his introduction is valid; but it does no more—indeed, no anthology could do more. The thing is now for all of us who are more or less engaged in reading and writing, to bring pressure to bear on Mr. Spingarn so that he will give us the practical workaday use of our classic in forming our own literary judgments, enlarging our critical resources and in shaping, refining and elevating our own creative work; and the best possible way for him to begin is by re-issuing the "Conversations" with an introduction which should show plainly that he has us and our necessities firmly in mind and never lets his attention stray for a moment to anything else. If the literature of Greece and Rome were presented to us with a keen, constant, prac-

tical sense of what it has for us and how to make use of it—presented as Mr. Mackail presents the Greek Anthology or as Mr. Tyrrell presents Roman comedy or Mr. Arnold the fifteenth idyll of Theocritus—we should all be diligently brushing up our Greek and Latin.

IT is true that some of the criticism contained in the "Conversations" reappears in Goethe's own prose writings, in "Wilhelm Meister," for instance, and in the autobiography; and it is also true that in its reappearance it is rather more thoroughly worked out. But let us shun the temptation to pedantry and keep firmly to our determination that what we want is not only something that we can use, but that its mode of presentation should be of a kind to show us how we should use it. Now, there is no denying that to wade through "Wilhelm Meister" and the autobiography is a terrible business; and the criticism that one finds there is formal, shapely, impersonal—yes, let us say, ponderous. The dose one gets of it from Mr. Spingarn's volume will show, I think, to the mind of any candid reader that it has very few attractive and positive qualities of style. In the "Conversations," on the other hand, one gets this criticism as it first arose, in the sprightliness and informality of conversation; and this brings it nearer to our necessities. Its style is positive and attractive; one is prepossessed by it, and therefore takes in its substance more readily, assimilates it more quickly and thoroughly. Then, too, only a small part of the criticism in the "Conversations" is to be had elsewhere in any form; and the residue is immense, while the detritus is very slight. Eckermann does our editing for us, on the simple but magnificent principle, as he tells us, that on the days when he had nothing to write down from Goethe's lips, he wrote nothing. So all considerations save those of pedantry speak for the "Conversations," for our purposes. Life is short, and the burden of books which must be read is very oppressive. The thing is therefore to get the maximum of Goethe's critical work, and to get it in the form wherein it may be most easily, quickly and cordially assimilated.

GOETHE said of his own work that whoever read it would "acquire from it a certain inward freedom." The great French critic, Scherer, found these words so admirable that he said he would like to see them inscribed upon the base of Goethe's statue. *A certain inward freedom!*—that is what we all wish for, all we who are writing plays, novels, poetry, essays, reviews, and I am sure that Mr. Spingarn wishes it for us as much as we wish it for ourselves. Let him then put us in the way of getting it. Now that his anthology is out of hand, and his earlier purpose so excellently fulfilled, let him go back to Goethe with this greater purpose firmly and definitely fixed in his mind. It is something to know what Goethe said about German architecture in 1773 or about dilettantism in 1799 or about the German theatre in 1815, and we can all feel grateful to Mr. Spingarn for giving it to us. But *sat patriæ Priamoque datum!*—what we really want is the sense of "a certain inward freedom," and one gets so little of it from Goethe's observations on these matters that I, for one, would not ask for another word about them. Emancipation from our ignorance, provincialism, self-assertion, vulgarity—above all, from our benumbing uncertainty about what is good and great in literature, and what makes it good and great—this is what we want, and this is what the "Conversations," perhaps above any other single work, puts us on the way to get. Mr. Spingarn must forgive me for the urgency of my demands upon him; it comes of my deep regard for his humanism, and of a corresponding desire that it shall bear its best fruit.

THE Reviewer recommends the following recent books to the notice of readers of the *Freeman*:

"The Minds and Manners of Wild Animals," by William T. Hornaday. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.50.

"The Hounds of Banba," by Daniel Corkery. New York: B. W. Huebsch, Inc. \$1.50.

"American Indian Life," edited by Elsie Clews Parsons. New York: B. W. Huebsch, Inc. \$10.00.

